NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NO. 40.---VOL. 1. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1854. PRICE THREE CENTS.

LIFE AND BATTLES OF TOM SPRING,

THE BUTCHER.

From a work published in England in 1828, now first republished in this country in the columns of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The amateurs, generally, pronounced the contest between Spring and Neat a bad battle. We must admit there was certainly a different sort of coloring visible in the fights between Gully and Gregson, and Cribb and Molineaux: to witness two big ones opposed to each other for upwards of a half an hour, and no mischief done, after riding nearly seventy miles, was not likely to give satisfaction to the admirers of downright milling. But the torrent of opinion was so strong in favour of Neat, both in Bristol and London, previous to the fight, on account of his tremendous hitting, as to carry away like a flood all kind of calculation on the subject. Spring was to have been smashed! smashed!! and nothing else but smashed!!! One hit was to have spoiled the science of Spring: two were to have taken the fight completely out of him! and the third to have operated as a *coup de grace*. Yes, and so they would, if chaffing over some heavy, light blue, or black ink, could have done it. Then why did not Neat smash Spring, as he did the Gas? We will endeavour to answer the question for the fallen Neat; because he had a man of his own size and weight opposed to him. He likewise found out he had a boxer of superior talent to himself pitted against him: one that was armed at all points; and not to be diverted or frightened from his purpose. His blows were not only stopped, but all his efforts to break through the guard of his antagonist were rendered of no avail. It was owing to the above circumstances that made the fighting of Neat appear so defective in the eyes of his friends and backers. He was "out generaled;" and the fine fighting of Spring "laughed to scorn" all the 'talked of' tremendous hitting of his opponnet. In truth, Neat could not plant a single effective hit. In the fourth round, Neat asserts his arm received a serious injury, and one of the small bones was broken. We are sorry, very sorry, for this accident; but we have no hesitation in asserting, that Spring had won the battle before it occurred. Spring has also removed the libel from his character, that he could not make a dent in a pound of butter! It cannot be denied that Spring very soon made a hole in his opponent's head, and, from the conduct of the latter, it should seem that 'one pill was a dose.' To give punishment, and to avoid being hit, is deemed the triumph in the art of boxing. Randall was distinguished for this peculiar trait in all his battles. Spring adopted the same mode, and by so doing he did not disgrace his character as a boxer; on the contrary, he showed himself a safe man to back, and reduced success to a certainty. Spring called on Neat after the battle, whom he found in bed, and his arm put to rights by a surgeon. The latter said,—"I am not beaten, but I lost the battle by the accident." Spring very generously made Neat a present of ten pounds. Spring arrived in the town on Wednesday night, but he did not sport the colors of his adversary, until after he had quitted the town of Andover, and received the shouts and smiles attendant on victory from the populace in all the towns through which he passed. He had a slight black mark on his left eye and his arm was in a sling, one of the bones of his right hand having received an injury.

The abrupt conclusion of the battle produced sensations among the backers of Neat not easily to be described; and such coarse expressions were uttered by the disappointed ones, that we cannot give place to them in Boxiana. The Bristolians were outrageous in the extreme; a few of them positively acted like madmen; others were dejected, chap-fallen, with mugs as long as an arm and countenances full of grief. Neat was thought to be invulnerable by his countrymen, and also by the majority of sporting people throughout the kingdom; but a few silly persons, in their paroxysms of rage and disappointment, have pronounced the above event a ✕.

The nature of bad news infects the teller,
When it concerns the fool or coward!

We pledge our reputation that it was no such thing; and we defy any individual to prove it a ✕.—Our work is open to every person, and he or they may depend upon a clear stage and fair play. But we must have names; no attacks in the dark. We feel anxious for the honour of the Ring; and no exertions on our part shall be wanting to preserve it. Tom Belcher and Neat both courted inquiry on the subject, and they are entitled to justice, when imputations are levelled at their characters. It was nearly the expressed opinion of the spectators at the fight, that if Neat had possessed 'four arms' instead of two, he never would have conquered Spring. But, if any thing has been done wrong on either side the question, and it can be proved, we hope, for the benefit of the Sporting World, that those persons who have made the assertion it was a ✕, will have the courage to come forward on the present occasion, and put the matter in so clear a point of view, as to remove the slightest imputation on the subject. Prize-fighting was at a very low ebb before the above fight; but the battle between Spring and Neat, it was thought might tend to restore it to its pristine national honour.

Wert thou as pure as snow, or chaste as ice,
Thou shalt not escape calumny.

The Editor of the Bristol Gazette made the following remarks on the above battle: "9. Here,—publish it not in Gath, tell it not among the Philistines—when time was called, Neat walked up, and instead of clenched fist, stretched out his hand to Spring. all up. The Londoners shouted: the Bristolians looked glum: not the recollection of former victories by all the Pearces and Cribbs, and Gullys, and Belchers, could for a moment revive them: every man looked at his neighbour with an inquiring eye; "what does it all mean?" At last, a report ran that Neat had broken his arm in a fall. "Pshaw, all my eye." Mr. Jackson, the Commander-in-Chief, went round with a hat for a collection for the loser; he confirmed the report of the broken arm; whether this was the fact or not, remains to be proved; this however, was evident, that he neither fought with his accustomed courage nor skill. The battle had lasted but thirty-seven minutes; neither of the men were otherwise hurt. Neat never attempted once to get in to his man; when Spring was at the ropes, he did not follow him as he might have done; he was all on the shy, and fell once with the shadow of a blow. Spring relied chiefly, there is no doubt, upon his superior wrestling, and was always eager for the hug; but Neat either had not quickness to keep him of, or wanted courage to strike.—The sparring of Spring was much admired, but if Neat had had recourse to the smashing which he practiced on Hickman, Spring's science might have been puzzled. It is supposed that more money was lost by the Bristol boys than at any fight on record. The Londoners went chaffing home in fine style, whilst the return of the Bristol cavalcade was more like that of a long country funeral."

Spring has won nine battles; and only lost in his second fight with Painter. We understand, it was the intention of Spring to "tie up prize-milling" and attend to business but we have heard several men make so many promises in that respect, and afterwards, when it suited their purpose, break them with the utmost *sang-froid*, that in future, we shall pay no attentions to such assertions. It is the opinion of some of the best and oldest admirers of pugilism, and among them, Sir, Thomas Apprece, that the battle between Spring and Neat was a fine display of science; and also that Spring can beat any thing on the present list of public men; and he likewise is well deserving to be matched against England, with the greatest chance of winning.

On the first deposit of £50 being made good at the Castle Tavern, Hoborn, towards the above match, Spring offered to take Tom Belcher £100 to £20 that he drew the first blood; also that Neat did not knock him down during the battle; and, ultimately, he should win the fight. "So much do I care," said Spring, "for the hard hitting of Neat!" The events were all verified by Spring.

Mr. Jackson collected for the losing man, on the ground, £47 19s. The night previous to the battle, Spring, in company with his backer, walked from Andover, to take a view of the ground on which the battle was to take place, when Spring observed, "it was so beautiful a spot, that no man could grumble to be well licked upon it."

The newspaper reports respecting Mr. Sant, the backer of Spring, having won £7000 on the event, is completely erroneous; also that Mr. Gulley had realised £10,000. Mr. G. did not win more than 100*l*. It is true that Mr. J. Bland picked up a tidy stake; but it is false that Belcher lost a large sum of money upon the battle: Tom is too good a judge to risk too much of his blunt. So much for correct newspaper information out of the Fancy.

Painter left his house, at Norwich, on purpose to perform the office of second to Spring, it being a particular request of the latter boxer. Painter is as fat as an alderman, but he looks as healthy as a rose.

The wags of the Fancy, at the conclusion of the battle, proposed that the town of Andover, in future, should have the letter H neat-ly added to it, to stand thus--Hand over! in allusion to the great transfer of blunt on the above occasion. No doubt, proper attention will be paid to this alteration in the next edition of Paterson's Road Book. The late celebrated Horne Tooke, we are sure, would not have quarrelled with so clear a derivation.

Randall, Josh. Hudson, Holt, Cooper the Gipsey, Carter, Scroggins, Eales, and Brown, gave their assistance towards keeping a good ring. Ould Caleb Baldwin was also on the ground.

TO THE EDITOR.--My wife and myself will be much obliged by thy insertion in thy valuable paper of a few words, contradicting the absurd story, copied from a Bath and Cheltenham paper, of her having interfered to prevent the late battle between Spring and Neat; the whole of which is without the slightest foundation in truth or probability.

I am respectfully, &c.
JOSEPH FRY.

St. Mildreds's Court, 22d 5th Month, 1823.

In reply to the above chaunt, we have only to state, that a fine old lady of the Society of Friends, (we do not know her name,) with a couple of her daughters, came in their carriage to the Angel, at Marlborough, during the time Neat was traming. The two daughters remained in the carriage, at the door, while the old lady made her way into the Angel. She ascended the stairs, and found Belcher in a room, sitting by himself, Neat having retired to change his clothes. Tom thought the lady had mistaken the apartment in the above Inn, till she addressed him "Thy name is Belcher, is it not, friend?" "Yes, Madam," was the reply. Tom was in hopes to get rid of the lady before Neat returned; but she waited till the Bristol hero made his appearance. "I understand, friend Neat, thou art about fighting a prize battle. Dost thou not know it is very sinful? Be advised, friend, and give it up." Neat urged that he was bound in honor, and, that if he gave it up, he was likely to loose 500*l* by it. "What is 500*l*, in comparison with thy poor soul? Think of that, friend. Give it up, I beg of thee, and I will see if the 500*l* cannot be raised for thee. After an expostulation of nearly two hours, impressed upon Neat with tears, the old lady retired without producing the desired effect. The Bristol hero, by way of consolation, thanked the old lady for the interest and kindness she had taken in his fate, and promised her that he would not fight any more.

The Bath Herald said: "The interest excited by the above battle in this city, surpassed anything of the kind ever before known. At the earliest dawn on Tuesday morning, every horse and every vehicle were in a course of requisition, and though the distance was full forty-five miles, hundreds of our natives, from the lofty baronet in his splendid barouche, to the humble knight of the cleaver on his ragged trotting pony, repaired to the spot which has thus become classic ground. In the evening, the streets were thronged with an anxious multitude, assembled to catch the first tidings of the important event, and great was the dismay of the backers at long odds when it was announced."

It is utterly impossible to describe the anxiety which prevailed in the metropolis to learn the event of the battle on Tuesday evening, May 20, 1823. Belcher's house was like a fair; Randall's crowded to suffocation;---Holt's not room for a pin; Harper's overflowing; Shelton's like a mob; Eales overstocked; and Tom Cribb's out-and-out with bang-up visitors. Both ends of the town, East and West, were equally alive, and profited by the subject; and Hampshire has not had such a turn for nibbling the blunt, since the days when Humphries and Mendoza fought at Odiham. Thus has good been derived by thousands of persons not in any way connected with the event. Then why attempt to stop one of our oldest, noblest, and most generous of national sports? Several wagers were won in London after eight o'clock at night on Spring---so high did Neat stand in the estimation of public opinion.

To the Editor of a Sporting Paper.

SIR,---I have been favoured this day with a letter received by Mr. Jackson, and transmitted by the latter gentlemen to me: a correct copy of which I have enclosed, and by inserting the same in your valuable paper of Sunday next, I shall consider it an obligation; and I beg leave further to state, that the enclosed letter, and the certificate in your possesion from that superior surgeon, Mr. Cline, will, in some measure, remove that foul slander which has been unjustly heaped upon my character: and inform my friends and the Sporting World in general, that my only desire is, the speedy recovery of my arm, to enable me once more to enter into the ring with the great Champion of England.

I remain, sir,
Your obedient servant.
WM. NEAT.

Castle Tavern, May 28, 1823.

Andover, May, 26, 1823.

SIR,---Having seen an account in the papers, that there is to be a full meeting at the Tennis Court, on Tuesday, and that Neat is to show himself to the Fancy, I have taken the liberty of troubling you with this, knowing your established fame as the important Director, &c. &c. of the above place; I wish, through your assistance, to remove the stigma that is cast on Mr. Neat, owing to the many false reports that are in circulation relative to his accident. Now, sir, I am the humble individual who rendered him the first assistance, and discovered the fracture. My opinion was borne out by several surgeons who attended Mr. Neat during his stay in this place, the morning after the accident. The tension and inflammation was so great, that twelve leeches were applied to his arme. I hope, sir, you will give every publicity to this; in so doing, you will oblige, sir, your obedient servant,

RICHARD R. PERRY, Surgeon, &c.
To Mr. Jackson. Grosvenor-place

Bristol, May 22, 1823.

SIR,---By the last fight, on Tuesday, I may have been minus £150, or thereabouts, not one penny of which I will pay, till the doubts are fully cleared up to the satisfaction of his Bristol friends. Never did a man disgrace himself as Bill, by his not going into his man on the second round, when he had him in his power at the stakes.---When did Neat break his arm? In what round? This fight is a dirty transaction; it cannot but be thought so; and, little as I am inclined to think you participate in it, still it will be necessary for you to give us an account in one of the papers, with your signature, of the cause of the loss of the battle. Neat no more had occasion to go to bed than myself. I much fear it will be impossible you can publish an account honourable to yourself, and that silence will be the only way in which this letter will be answered; if so, the only method we have of pursuing will be to publish it: may I be disappointed. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS BAILEY.

I candidly confess, I no more think Neat broke his arm than you did yourself. Did Gulley see Neat before the fight?

Mr Thomas Belcher, Castle Tavern, Holborn

Castle Tavern, Holborn, May 23, 1823.

Mr. Thomas Bailey,

SIR.--- I received a letter this morning from you, dated Bristol; but as you don't say where, I think it best to answer it through a paper read by all sporting gentlemen. I won't disgrace myself by answering questions, which I consider to be an unfair attack on both myself and Neat who from an accident unfortunately lost the battle. Whether you pay your debts or not, must be settled between yourself and the winners; I have lost my money, and shall pay it, and so will every man of honour: but you may do as you please.

Your humble servant,
T. BELCHER.

(To be continued.)

Doings and Sayings in the Prize Ring.

FIGHT BETWEEN TOM GAYNOR AND NED NEAL.

The rain came down in torrents all the morning, but notwithstanding the ardour of the Fancy could not, and would not, be damped by "the pitiless pelting showers:" and if the road did not display numerous barouches, drags, &c., as a May-day morning, nevertheless, most of the old ring-goers came out to witness the mill. The turnpikes of course had a turn; the innkeepers were busy; the blunt changed masters; and the penny was turned to a good account. The battle between Neal and Gaynor took place on Tuesday, March 15th, 1831, in the same field where Neal defeated the great gun (Tom Cannon), called Warfield, in the parish of Wingfield, Berkshire. At one o'clock, Neal, attended by Spring and Young Sam, threw his hat into the ring, and was received with loud shouts of approbation; he walked up leisurely, and, in the most composed manner, tied his blue fogle to the stakes. Gaynor soon afterwards made his appearance and shied his tile also within the ropes—waited upon by Harry Holt, and the lively kid (Ned Stockton), when the yellowman was tied to the blue emblem. Curtis was to have undertaken the office of bottle-holder to Gaynor; but, as he said, a violent attack of the screw-matics prevented him. Simon Byrne was also expected to have acted as second to Neal; but as he did not appear, Josh. Hudson was mentioned; neither of the above boxers was on the ground. Neal was decidedly the favorite at 5 and 6 to 4, previous to setting to. Tom Cannon observed to Neal, "this is your lucky ground, but it is softer to-day." On Gaynor entering the ring, Neal went up to him. The spot selected for the ring was perfectly dry: the office was given for the men to peel; when the battle commenced.

Round 1. Neal looked remarkably well, his condition was good, and owing to the renovating effects of training, no traces were visible of his recent battle with Sam: his weight was nearly the same, 12 stone 3 lbs. On being asked the question, Neal replied, "he had not been to scale since his last fight." Gaynor astonished his friends and backers by the improvement his frame had undergone in the course of a few weeks, by his careful attention to regimen and exercise: he had also completely shaken-off all the up-all-night appearances of a Lush-crib in the heart of the metropolis—the waste-butt sort of thing---the nails in the coffin, and the general stale appearance connected with the character of a fighting man and a London Landlord. Tom had made the best use of his time: he entered the ring slap up to the mark, confident of success, and made up his mind to nothing else but winning. The attitudes of the men were excellent; the stakes were high; the combatants were perfectly aware of each other's milling talents, and both were determined not to give half a chance away. It was therefore 'caution,' extreme 'caution,' and 'caution' to the very echo. They dodged each other, kept a good look out, and both prepared for any opening that might offer. Ned hopped from any thing like mischief as quick as a squirrel; and Gaynor jumped out of danger like a posture-master. Several minutes occurred, when Gaynor rubbed his hands, as if tired of doing nothing. At the expiration of Fifteen minutes, Tom put down his hands, and stood completely still, smiling [Applause]. Gaynor again made an offer, but Neal got away. "Wake him up," said Stockton, "and let Ned know he is in the ring." Twenty-two minutes had now expired, and not a blow had been struck. "Go to work," from all parts of the ring. Thirty-five minutes and nothing like mischief, when Gaynor let fly with his right which was beautifully stopped by Neal [Applause]. The spectators were almost tired with watching the movements of the combatants—the caution observed on both sides was so excessive. Neal hit out, when Gaynor stopped the blow capitally. Ned also followed his opponent up in the corner, and made himself up for mischief---when the peepers of the crowd were on the stretch expecting smashing work; but it not appearing exactly safe to Neal, he retreated backwards, to the great disappointment of his friends. Forty-Three Minutes had elapsed, when Gaynor, as if worn out with attitudinising, made play with his right hand, which was immediately returned by Neal; several blows were exchanged; and, in closing, Neal tried to fib his adversary; the struggle for the throw was severe on both sides, but Gaynor obtained it. Both down, but Neal undermost.

2. Nothing the matter, but both ready for the attack. After a little dodging, Neal followed up Gaynor to the ropes, but missed a tremendous right-handed blow, which, if it had touched the listener of Gaynor, might have altered the state of affairs. In closing, Gaynor was extremely active with his mauleys: Neal was by no means idle, and the fibbing system was adopted on both sides, until Neal went down. Great shouting. "The Queen's Head," said Stockton, "shall now be the King's Head--we shall win it without a scratched face; and I'll crown my man with laurels."

3. The left eye of Gaynor was touched a little. "Look," said Sam, "at the mouse!" "Never mind," replied the lively kid, "your man will soon smell a rat. You ought not to have brought the man here. You took the fight out of him! But he is ready made to our hands." Neal stopped a rum one aimed at his nob, and Gaynor also got out of mischief. The latter hit Neal on his ribs, and Ned returned slightly. Caution on both sides. Gaynor ran in, and in closing, after a most desperate struggle, got Neal down. Lots of applause for the hero of the Queen's Head. During the half minute while Gaynor was sitting on his second's knee, Spring exclaimed--"First blood!" pointing to Gaynor's mouth; this was most vehemently disputed by Holt, but to us a very slight tinge of claret appeared on Gaynor's ivories.

4. This was a short round. After two or three blows, Neal went down. Gaynor sung out--"Take notice, the first knock-down blow!" This was denied by the seconds of the opposite party--but no opinion is of any value to decide the event as to betting, except the umpires and referee.

5. Both down--Gaynor uppermost.

6. The face of Neal looked red but nothing more. He stopped, in a most scientific style, two hits. Exchanges, when Gaynor laughed and pointed to his opponent--indicating he did not value his attempts. In closing, Neal struggled violently to obtain the throw, but Gaynor, who is a first rate wrestler, got Neal down. Loud shouting. The claret was visible enough on the top of Neal's nose.

7. The left hand of Neal told on his opponent's mug, when he ran in and caught hold of Gaynor so tightly, that, in spite of the struggles of the latter, Neal positively lifted him off the ground and threw him so heavily as to be pronounced almost a burster. 7 to 4 on Neal.

8. 9. These rounds were decidedly in favor of Neal. He touched Tom on Some of the old places, the scars of former brave contests, and the claret was seen trickling down his iron cheek. But he was as game as a pebble. In closing, both down.

10. The science of both of the men was much admired, and the stops on both sides were of the first character of the Art of Self-Defence. Gaynor retreated from mischief, and Neal took care of himself. The strength of the latter was here manifested in a great degree; he again got Gaynor off his legs--threw him on the ground with severity enough to take the fight out of any one--Gaynor's head made a dent in the ground. "Bravo, Neal.--he must win it--he has too much wear-and tear for Gaynor." Two to one.

11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16. These rounds were like the former; they partook more of the wrestling than milling; and although Neal was decidedly the favorite, the old ring goers and his immediate friends perceived that his energies were on the wane; he did not, as heretofore in his former battles, go right up to his opponent's head, and fight with him; in fact, he was too cautious, and retreated at times when he might have done some severe execution. During some of these rounds 3 to 1 had been laid on Neal.

17. Gaynor, although piping, was confident, and in a masterly style he threw Neal. Great applause, and "well done, Gaynor."

18. The men were now on their mettle, and milling was the order of the round. Some sharp hits occurred between them. Gaynor's nob showed the handy work of his opponent, and the left peeper of Ned was considerably damaged, and put on the winking list. Gaynor ran after Neal, but Ned was not to be had. Both down. One hour and a quarter had elapsed.

19. This was one of the best rounds in the fight; and, as the Sage of the East would have said, had he but seen the men, the lookers-on had the best of it. They stood up to each other well--exchanging hits--the claret in both their mugs, until both down. "Well done, on both sides," and applause from all parts of the ring.

20, 21, 22. Neal stood well on his pins—his wind was also good—and the general opinion entertained round the ring was, that he must win; in fact, the Neal-ites could not lay out their blunt; no takers were, except in a few slight instances, to be met with. Gaynor undermost in both of these rounds.

23. This was truly a distressing round to Tom, and, after some blows were exchanged between them, Ned, by the dint of strength, threw Gaynor, who fell upon his head, and Neal went down upon him. Harry Holt, a capital second at all times, exerted himself more to bring up his man clean and well than he did throughout the fight; he placed Gaynor's head right—indeed it was almost out of place, so great was the shock he had received. "It will soon be over—it is as right as a trivet—how can Neal lose it?" from the Blue Fogle party "By the powers of Moll Kelly," said a Patlander, "do dat again for me, Ned, and you shall have the four Misses——, with £2000 per annum, for your wives; and I'll give you the ould widow into the bargain."

24. Gaynor came to the scratch a tiny bit groggy—with bellows to mend—but nevertheless his game was the delight of all the spectators. He sparred a short time for wind; when he made play, and after some hits were exchanged, he threw Neal. The applause was great, and "we don't know what to make of it."

25. Short. Both down. Gaynor undermost.

26, 27, 28, 29. Although the friends of Neal had made up their minds, at this period of the fight, that he must win the battle, they did not approve of his fondness to obtain the throws--they were aware it must ultimately tear him to pieces. He now and then made use of his left hand, which told on the mug of his opponent; but in general, the defensive mode was too prominent: it wanted more of the fighting character. Both down in these rounds, after severe struggles for the falls.

30. Short. Exchanges. Both down.

31. Neal commenced fighting, and Grynor stood well up to him: counter hits, and not light ones. Both down.

32. Gaynor planted a severe facer. "Bravo! that's the way, Tom," said Stockton, "He don't like it, two more of the same sort will do the trick---and I'll order a diamond necklace from my jeweller's on Ludgate-hill, for the Queen's Head---I always patronize merit." Ned drove Gaynor to the ropes, where they were hanging on for a short period, until both down.

33. Again at the ropes, when Neal held fast by one of the stakes, and ultimately threw Gaynor on his head. Neal uppermost.

34. Gaynor endeavored to serve out Neal, but he escaped from punishment and went down. "Take your man out of the ring," said Curtis to Holt, "you have won it." Ned went down without a blow. The Pet was very attentive to the battle---watching every movement, with his tick in his hand, to see the time kept correctly, and how long the battle lasted.

35. Nothing the matter in this round. Both down.

36. This was a fighting round. Ned's peeper was almost closed; but, nevertheless, his backers were quite sanguine as to the termination of the battle. Both their mugs were clareted. Tom was terribly distressed, but he was not down upon his luck. In closing, both down, Gaynor undermost.

37. Gaynor planted another facer, and was following it up when Neal went down. "He's as dead as a house," said Stockman. "You are wrong, my lively kid," replied a Patlander, "Ned is as strong as a Hercules, and will soon put on the polish, honey."

38, 39. The appearance of Neal's mug, excepting his nearly darkened peeper, did not show much punishment; and his wind was good. In closing the fibbing system was resorted to, and Gaynor had none the worst of it. Both down. The friends of Gaynor were now on the *qui vive*. He'll win it now! "Win it!" said Reuben Martin. "How can Tom lose it? Neal is as slow as a top; it will soon be over."

40, 41, 42. To the spectators in general, Ned appeared fresh and strong enough to fight for half an hour longer; but one of his immediate friends, also a backer, and a near relative to Neal's said in a sort of whisper---a sighing kind of ejaculation--upon perceiving an alteration in his countenance for the worse, "By J---s the battle's lost!" Gaynor reviving, made play, planted two hits; exchanges, and Ned down.

43, And Last. On coming to the scratch, Ned, as usual, made himself up for milling, but on Gaynor's attempting to plant a hit, he retreated to the ropes. Tom followed him, and in closing, Gayner threw Neal, which gave him a kind of twist in his neck and likewise fell on him. Upon Spring and Sam picking up Neal, he was insensible; and although the ex-champion pulled his head on one side, and the young phenomenon on the other, Ned could not be waked, and was deaf to the call of time. Gaynor jumped for joy, and received the shouts of the spectators as the conqueror, hero of the day and the congratulations of his friends. The battle continued for One Hour and Fifty-One Minutes. Gaynor walked to the barouche and four, when the yellow fogle was soon hoisted over the Belen blue bird's eye out of the window, and the prads went off at a smart rate for Shirley's, his trainer, at Egham; while, on the contrary, Ned was carried to his vehicle, and conveyed with the utmost speed to Sunning Hill, attended by his seconds, put to bed, and bled by a medical man, to make "all right." Ned complained of his right shoulder. Gaynor went to bed at Egham for a couple of hours, and then started for town, where he arrived at the Queen's Head, Duke's Court, Bow street, about nine o'clock. His house was overflowing with company to hail his return; and also a complete mob outside the doors.

OBSERVATIONS.

Neal may now say, in the words of Shakspeare, "A pox on both your houses!" in allusion to Sam and Gaynor, or perhaps the phrase might be more appropriate—"between you both, I have been "bothered" out of my fighting qualities!—I have lost my fair fame, and terminated my milling career as a losing man!" According to his intimate friends and backers, having two matches on at once, proved rather too much for his mind—after his severe defeat by Sam—having only eight clear weeks, or fifty-six days, to get over the mortifying recollection of his loss of glory and to appear again at the scratch, fighting his man £200 to £200. To say the least of it, the match was ill judged; but the fault did not rest with Neal!" his backers made the match without consulting him, and he would not let them forfeit their deposits. Indeed, so confident was he of success, that he put down £200 of his own money towards the stakes.

But the truth must be told; and, to sum up in little, Ned is nothing like so good a man as heretofore; he wants energy; his fighting points have left him; his perception is nothing like so acute, as in his previous battles, to seize upon an opening likely to lead to victory, after the manner of a Nelson, or a Wellington, and to turn it to a successful account. His determination, resolution, game, fortitude, gluttony, bottom, or devil, whichever the reader likes best, does not now attach to his once warlike pugilistic character. He does not like to be a *receiver*—it does not suit his constitution. Owing to the above circumstances he lost his fight with Sam! But it ought never to be forgotten by the fancy, and the milling coves in general, "that he has done the ring some service, and they know it!" He never did wrong, and his conduct as a boxer was always straightforward. Out of EIGHTEEN BATTLES in the Prize Ring, four times only he experienced defeat.

Respecting the conqueror, Tom Gaynor, as a scientific fighter, he is well known and respected; and as a game man he must be admired. His caution in the early part of the battle proved his sound judgment towards obtaining victory. Gaynor only weighed 11st 3lb, a stone less than his opponent: it will be admitted that caution became necessary—and he was perfectly aware that, towards the latter part of the fight, gameness was essential—nay, without it he could not have proved the conqueror.

How to Break a Colt—A True Story.

"George," said a father to his son, "that stout four-year old colt of ours has thrown off every one who has dared to get on his back, and the man I last employed, says it is quite impossible to do anything with him. So you may sell him for what you can get, taking care to state these facts."

The next day George took the colt, and led him into a soft, spongy meadow, and suddenly sprang on his back, upon which he reared up, plunged, kicked, jumped, sprang froward, then sideways, sinking into the mud over his kettocks, and sometimes up to his knees and gambris, and when he found that he could not succeed in throwing his rider, he stopped and shook himself like a dog after coming out of the water. This last performance was a poser for George, but like the fellow that signed the temperance pledge, he "stuck to it," until the colt started for the road, when on he went, full speed, with his mouth wide open, running until he became quite exhausted. Shortly after this, he put him about, walked him home, rubbed him dry, gave him a little green green out of his hand, with some water, and ever afterwards a better horse was never backed.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

Interesting Physiological Fact in Relation to the Compostion of the Horse.

By comparing the blood extracted from the different breeds of horses it has been proved the French chemists that their composition is naturally different; that from the thorough breeds, when exposed to natural decomposition, exhibits less serosity, or serum, than that of any other breeds, when exposed to natural decomposition, exhibits less serosity, or serum, than that of any other breeds, and consequently the solid, coagulated part, is in greater proportion; it contains also saline substances in greater abundance, and a different quality. The blood, too, exposed to the air, retains its fluidity longer than any other, and does not give out a fetid odor like that of other horses.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ How does grass feel when it is mowed? It feels very much cut down.

Life and Battles
IN THE
Prize-Ring
OF
YANKEE SULLIVAN.

Arranged and Compiled from various authorities, expressly for

The New York Clipper.

BY THE EDITOR.

In order to make the history of the great match between Hyer and Sullivan as complete as possible, we herewith present for the consideration of our readers, the particulars of the Sparring Exhibition for the benefit of Hyer. It is the second of the series of papers before referred to:

November 23d, '48. }
The third month. }

GRAND MEETING OF THE FANCY.

HYER'S EXHIBITION.—The "grand" sparring exhibition of Tom Hyer, which we predicted some time ago, "came off," to use a sporting term, on Friday evening last, at Mager's ball-room, in Elizabeth street. To our surprise we found, on entering the room, which is a very large one, that it was densely filled with spectators of every class, the nearer circles of which stood closely wedged around an elevated staging, and the outer edges swarmed upwards on chance elevations balancing themselves by holding on each other's shoulders. At eight o'clock, the impatience of the audience rather elegantly expressed in various modes of sounds, summoned forth two of the athletæ, who, arrayed in the fighting garb, jumped into the twenty-four feet roped elevated ring, and made their obeisance to the audience.

The combatants were the veteran George Kensett, the hero of several fights, and a young man named McKay. Though much heavier than the pugilistic sage, the stalwart Mr. McKay was obliged to receive the compliment of a bloody mouth from one of the veteran's right hand hits, and to receive a succession of similar attentions, beautifully delivered in the same favored place.

* * * * * *

Bob Sauce and McStravick, an English prize-fighter, were the next. The latter of these men, though evidently a very excellent sparrer, did not attempt to work, but gave his more inexperienced adversary the advantage from first to last. His object showed itself after a few rounds, when, leaning up against the ropes, as if almost overcome with faintness and fatigue, he gave utterance to the following delectable rhetorical display;—

"Gentlemen, I doant feel so well to-noight; but I'll fight any man in the country nor doant weigh no more nor ten stun."

"Come here, my laddy; we've got a match for your ten stone man," said the honorable Mr. Closey, a member from one of upper distriets; whereat Mr. McStravick moved toward Mr. Closey, to settle the preliminaries. This affair being disposed of according to the laws in such cases made and provided, and Tom O'Donnell being understood as the accepting candidate, the sports went on.

* * * * * *

TOM HYER AND GEORGE THOMPSON. The appearance of these men in the ring created the deepest sensation; and while they put themselves in position, and squared cautiously away, the most profound silence reigned through the crowded auditory. As both of the men are some two or three inches above six feet, and both also in the pride of youth and strength, it was an exceedingly interesting sight as they confronted each other with a severe and earnest watchfulness. It appeared to us that Hyer's position, though handsome, was rather stiff and inclined too much backwards; while Thompson's was well forward, and easy, and ready for all sorts of work. The combatants sparred cautiously for some time, both careful and proud of their reputations, and several moments elapsed before either would venture to break ground. At length, however, watching his chance, Hyer let fly a straight right-handed hit, and delivered his glove full upon Thompson's chin, with a sharpness that sent the color tingling to the skin, and with a power that would have driven an ordinary man through the ropes among the audience. Best of all, he recovered in an instant, and got away from a mischievously meant return. A full round of applause manifested itself at this for Hyer, and while it was yet ringing, the gigantic adversary squared for the second round. In this round it was blow for blow; and so it kept throughout a twenty minutes' contest, Hyer displaying a good style of hitting and an equal degree of skill in stopping his opponent's blows. His best point, and the one that will most bestead him in his coming fight with Sullivan, is his tact in countering; he seeming to have made it his especial study to give a blow invariably, for every one he is obliged to take. This is an invaluable rule for combatants who have the largest powers of endurance, as in blow for blow, the weakest structure shivers and leaves the strongest master of the field. We were surprised, however, to see Hyer perspire so freely with his efforts. The sweat ran from him like rain, and told a tale of careless training which created evident uneasiness in the faces of his backers.

December 3d, 1848. }
The 4th month. }

TRAINING FOR THE FIGHT.

YANKEE SULLIVAN.

Since the grand sparring exhibition recently given by Tom Hyer, that distinguished individual and his famous opponent, Yankee Sullivan, have put themselves in active training for the desperate fight which is to come off between them for the sum of $10,000, on the 7th of February next. Hyer, with his two trainers, Thompson and Joe Winrow, has taken up his field quarters at Dodge's, at McComb's Dam, and Sullivan, attended by the celebrated Country McCleester and Tom O'Donnell, rusticate at Shaw's, hard by the Union Race Course, on Long Island. Of the two places, Hyer has much the best of it, the adjacent country furnishing fine rugged hills for him to climb and struggle over, while Sullivan has not much at his command beside the flat race-course, and such variety as he can manufacture out of low sandy ground, or by fences of picking up stones at a full run.

As the mode of training taken for the developement of the highest perfection of the animal health and strength in man cannot be otherwise than interesting and instructive, we will give the routine of Sullivan's exercises and mode of living. We do it more willingly as he disclaims any intention of preparing himself for a fight, proclaiming his object solely to be to train against the coming Cholera, by a purification of his system. He doubtless will be properly prepared to meet it.

In the morning the Hon. Mr. Sullivan rises with the first streak of dawn, puts on his breeches cheerfully, goes out on the race-course and commences running around it at a rate somewhat less than the gait of Eclipse. After having accomplished five, or seven, or seven miles, he returns to his house, rouses up his trainers, takes a heavy pair of dumb bells and strikes out some six or seven hundred times to improve his reach and the muscles of his shoulder, striking mostly upward, in consequence of the height of the man with whom he has to contend. He then lays by the dumb bells, and after a few minutes rest, puts on the gloves with one of his trainers, enters into sharp exercise, striking, avoiding, dodging, and wrestling, even to the ground, as in the contingencies of an actual fight.

Mr. Sullivan having thus peppered his trainers, next squares himself before a heavy bag, which hangs pendant from the ceiling by a single cord, and which is stuffed to the weight of his antagonist. Mr. Sullivan deals a mischievous blow at this bag; the bag naturally retires from such an overture, but Mr. Sullivan punches it again, and keeps following it in every direction, as it swings away, until he works himself into a generous perspiration. He then "knocks off," lays by the gloves, and making a thorough wash with cold water, of his arms, chest, neck, and head, adjourns with his two distinguished friends to breakfast.

Mr. Sullivan eats for his breakfast a large beefsteak of the finest cut, and cooked rare, over which he pours a sauce of old English ale, sent to him, like the steaks, from the city, and both carefully watched by his trainers, and tasted with as much precaution as the taster of the Sultan would exercise in looking out that his sublime master is not touched with deleterious drug. Sometimes Mr. Sullivan breakfasts on boiled chicken, in which case he usually supervises the excution and preparation of the animal himself.

After breakfast, Mr. Sullivan takes an hour of repose, during which he occupies his time and improves his mind by reading "Boxiana," to keep his imagination fresh in all the different modes of fighting in the prize ring, and fresh in all the various dodges adopted on emergencies, by the most celebrated of the champions of the arena. Having thus refreshed himself, Mr. Sullivan starts out in the open country, bestirs himself actively for some eight or ten miles, in a circuit, and in his travel nurses every acclivity or hollow that offers a chance for novel exercise, as if it were a choice spot in the California Placers. During this exercise Mr. Sullivan is accompanied by his trainers, who occasionally help him in a chase, or stimulate him by vieing in the feat of picking up stones, placed on the ground at equal distances, while on a full run. This is fine exercise, and challenges every nerve and muscle in the body. Mr. Sullivan comes in from this exercise in a warm glow, and while his body is in this state, he quickly strips all his upper clothing off, and bending downwards, is soused with cold water from his loins down his neck and over his head. This operation is repeated several times, when Mr. Sullivan rises up with a healthful snort, and his trainers fall to on his skin, with coarse towels, which soon leave him of the complexion of a cranberry. Mr. Sullivan then puts on fresh flannel (a daily practice,) and after settling himself in his suspenders, gaily and gracefully invites his two friends to dinner. It being four o'clock, and no other meal being allowed during the day, those gentlemen do not generally refuse. The dinner of Mr. Sullivan is again a fine underdone steak of the largest size, swimming in a sauce of fine old English ale.

After dinner, Mr. Sullivan reposes again, and either whiles away an hour in talking "fight" with his trainers, or in reading "Boxiana," as in the morning. Being refreshed, he takes another sparring bout; another match follows with the dumb bells; when, having his shoulders in play, he wakes up the bag again, and, though it has never done him any harm, and is no way inimical to him except in being of Mr. Hyer's weight, he bangs it viciously and without mercy. Having peppered it to his satisfaction, Mr. Sullivan takes another wash with cold water, when, buttoning himself in his grey overcoat and turning the collar up about his ears, he starts out for a short moonlight or starlight walk of four or five miles on the race course or the road, at the end of which, it being about nine o'clock, he goes to bed.

This is about the day's routine, subject to slight changes as the training advances, and subject also to the substitution of mutton for beef, during the last two or three weeks, immediately preceding the fight.

While all this is going on, Mr. Sullivan lives, in all respects, a virtuous and abstemous life. He will not touch liquor; he will not smoke a cigar; nay, will not stay in a room where one is smoked, and, above all, he does not see Mrs. Sullivan at all—except in Pickwickian sense. One dereliction of the latter kind would throw him back whole weeks in his training, and put him very low down in the betting. The result is, he is as strong as a lion, as gay as a lark, with a free conscience and a cheerful spirit, and in all respects in that high condition of animal perfection, which enables a man to set at naught all manner of disease or ailment, except perhaps, such as proceed foom a hostile collision with some other human machine in as splendid condition as himself. There are those, and their number is thousands, who believe Hyer is the man "to take him down," Out of the thousands on both sides, however, there are none that can positively tell anything about the matter.

It is difficult to conceive a more splendid looking man than Hyer, and we must make full allowance in his favor for those natural advantages of youth, strength, weight, and length of reach, which will tell so tremendously for their possessor, even though pitted against the highest experience and the most superior skill.

The condition of both men is now represented to be very fine, and Hyer is working like Sisyphus to recover a point or two which he lost previous to his exhibition. Both are continually visited by flying detachments, punch friends, who having seen how up their away at their bags, and conviction that points, leave with future to dispose of his their favorite as much ease as a four-antagonist with as much ease as a four-teen stone M. P. would an apple woman. On Sunday last, carriage loads went out to Sneden's and Shaw's, while numerous foot passengers trudged along with sticks and lined the Long Island road, which took them "where they could see Sullivan." Hyer, on the other hand, held a perpetual levee from the morning to the evening of that day, paying the courtesies of reception during the intervals of his exercises. Whatever may happen, they are both in a palmy state of health, and both prepared to bid defiance to the Cholera should it pay a visit to our shores to morrow. In this light, we commend their condition and their virtuous abstemiousness, in every sense, to the serious consideration of the shrivelled and wilted debauchees of the town, and give it as a familiar and tangible evidence to all, whether laity or clergy, of the advantages which necessarily result from cleanliness and exercise.

December 10th.

TRAINING FOR THE FIGHT.

TOM HYER.

We gave last week an account of the mode of training pursued by Yankee Sullivan, preparatory to his forthcoming $10,000 contest with the above named champion in February next, and we now dispose our observations upon Hyer, that both aspects of the matter may be duly estimated, and the friends of both fully aware of the condition of their men.

On Thursday morning last we were called for at our office and plucked from the ocean of our affairs by a distinguished friend connected with the press, aided in his purpose by a couple of bob-tailed ponies, not sent to this country as a present from the Pacha of Egypt. Resistance being out of the question in the face of such an attention, we yielded to Mr. Collins and the ponies, and soon found ourself whirling on the avenue towards M'Comb's dam, being more particularly headed for the inn at that place, kept by Peter Dodge, and entitled the "Romantic Hotel." As we turned into the grounds adjacent to the hotel, we perceived a trio consisting of two very large men and one short one, walking briskly towards us, as if we were trespassers and they were hastening up to challenge our advance. Moreover, one of them, who wore a sort of rough and ready green baize "cut-away," brandished a short cudgel as he stepped along in a manner that did not promise very pleasant entertainment for any who might provoke its applications. A few more revolutions of the wheels, however, and a second look relieved all our concern, and we discovered that the gentleman with the cudgel was no less a person than the Hon. Mr. Hyer, and that the other two with him were his trainers, the tall one being the already somewhat famous George Thompson, or Peter Crawley's sporting "novice," and the short one, the really famous Joe Winrow. We perceived then that the truncheon of Mr. Hyer was not evincive of any belligerent intention, but was only carried and occasionally whirled to supply employment for his animal exuberance, and to keep his upper muscles in continual play.

We received the civilities of recognition from these three distinguished gentlemen with the grace for which we are so celebrated, and then took a brief snap of conversation with Mr. Hyer, in private, as to the state of his health and conscience. But robust and hearty as Mr. Hyer was, he did not on this occasion show to much advantage. A slight and feverish eruption had been thrown out around his mouth two days before, and though it did not impair the appearance of his otherwise fine condition, it disturbed the effect of his handsome features not a little. This harvest had been produced by the reaction of a slight cold, which he had caught upon the sharp physicing he had undergone to get his constitution rapidly in trim for hard work. Waving an adieu, we forbore any further detention of Mr. Hyer from his business, and drove on to the Hotel to await his return, after his exercise. To make this interim the more pleasant, we ordered dinner for ourselves and the ponies, and had the good fortune not only to secure a very pleasant repast, but the felicity of enjoying during the dinner, the conversation of the amiable and lovely hostess of the "Romantic Hotel."

As we expected, our intelligent hostess had her own notions about "this fighting business;" and as it was not, and never is, and never can be, the business of a fighting editor to disagree in opinion with the ladies, and especially with ladies who are amiable and handsome, our hostess had the satisfaction to see us nod a perfect acquiescence to all her observations on "the manly art of self-defence," and to mark, likewise, our perfect agreement with every view she advanced relative to the special match now pending between Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Hyer. While on this portion of our subject, it is due to this worthy lady to say, that she strenuously sets her face against the entire fighting business, in which further view, it will readily be conceived that we agreed with her completely.

Mr. Hyer rises before day break, it appears, being roused by his trainers, and carried away on a brisk walk, to scramble up the beautiful hills, that raise their heads on every side, in and around Bloomingdale, to strive with them in races, not only on the level ground, but up and down the most desperate acclivities. As these three hardy men go about scaling the sharp edges of the mountain side, they look like the Swiss hunters of the Chamois, and many a wondering glance do their strange and hairbreadth exploits draw from the rude workmen who are employed in opening roads and blasting rocks throughout the hilly vicinage.

Having snuffed the fresh air for an hour or more, and exchanged many puffs of hot breath for its invigorating volume, Mr. Hyer returns home by a circuit of some six or seven miles, and devotes himself in striking out with a pair of large dumb-bells, which though heavier than those in use by Sullivan, he handles them with the same facility that a boy would launch an oyster shell quoit, or a copperat a hob. Mr. Hyer after having discharged these tremendous slugs at arms' length, some five or six hundred times, takes a short breathing, after which he signifies to Thompson his desire to put on the gloves. The two young giants then confront each other, and commence a sort of spurious warfare, punching each other's heads with muffled blows, and anon, as one pursues the other in advantage, closing in, one tussling to the floor. In these encounters, report says that Mr. Thompson frequently takes the measure of an unmade grave. Eight o'clock having by this time made its appearance on the dial Mr. Hyer and his two friends adjourn to breakfast where the former confines himself to a very large and very fine steak, broiled slightly over the embers in its natural state, and eat without pepper, salt, or seasoning of any kind. He is allowed no vegetables; indeed, nothing with this food, but bread, and a very little water, while his less restricted trainers are entitled to discuss the hot coffee, fried potatoes, buckwheat cakes, et cet., which the excellent cook of the establishment knows so well how to get up.

It is here due to those two gentlemen to observe that they due full credit to her preparations, as, from the highest testimony we could gather on the subject, we ascertained that every thing set before them shares the same fate as tow in the mouth of the conjuror, or calves-foot jelly between the jaws of a reporter for the daily press. The same high authority informs us that Mr. Hyer now and then looks wishfully at the other tempting condiments around him, and that on one occasion, despite all the vigilance of Mr. Winrow, who watches him with the fidelity of a cat, he surreptitiously obtained a pinch of salt for his Indian steak, and that on another and more flagrant occasion, he actually stole a turnip. This latter offence was subsequently discovered by Mr. Winrow, and the result was, that Mr. Hyer received a very severe reprimand from that austere disciplinarian.

After breakfast Mr. Hyer reposes, and neither discusses politics or puseyism, nor reads Pilgrim's Progress or Lalla Rookh. Nay, he does not even peruse "Boxiana," as does Mr. Sullivan, but yields to a profound but severe meditation, which no calculations for the battle, or any care of business seems to invade. After an hour has been thus consumed, he is summoned by his trainers to go forth, whereupon the trio start out again and accomplish before dinner a distance of fifteen miles. Hyer coming in the two last on a full run.—In this severe task, the trainers generally save themselves a few miles of the labor by securing command of an eminence, from whence they can supervise their principal in the performance of his work. They very frequently, however, go through the whole task with him, it being desirable that they should enter the ring in tolerable train themselves, in case they should receive a hasty challenge from one of the opposing faction. Mr. Hyer gets in from this fifteen mile trip early enough before 12 o'clock, to enable himself to wash his head and chest and arms with cold water, and to dress with fresh underclothes for dinner. At dinner, which takes place precisely at 12 o'clock, he eats his beef in the same aboriginal style as at breakfast, but moistens his clay on this occasion, by about two wine glasses full of fine Scotch ale. As for Messrs. Winrow and Thompson, they usually perform such feats at this trencher work, as would cover Herr Alexander with confusion, and force magic itself to take a back seat. Hyer on his part disposes of a steak which overhangs the edges of the largest specimen of Devonshire delph, as if it were only a shaving of smoked beef, or a wafer sandwich. The astonished lady who gave us a representation of this department of the training, could not abstain at this portion of the story from raising her hands and solemnly declaring, that the exploits of the trio on these occasions were a "sight to see!" Indeed it seemed to her that they were training "to eat" rather than to fight, and all things considered, we did not wonder at the solemn face and deep concern with which she recounted these deeds of carnivorous prelimination.

After dinner Mr. Hyer again reposes for an hour; and during this period reflects a little more profoundly even than before. He then takes exercise at the bag, which like the one daily punished by Sullivan, is stuffed to the weight of his antagonist. Mr. Hyer next puts on the gloves with Mr. Winrow, and after a lively sparring bout with that artist, the whole three start out again for another tramp. This excursion commences with easy walking and ends in a run as before. It occupies them until about four o'clock, when in half an hour more Mr. Hyer eats his last meal for the day, and this time, perhaps, contents himself with mutton. The meal closes with the usual rest, after which sparring, the dumb bells, and the bag, wind up the exercises of the day, and eight o'clock finds Mr. Hyer sound upon his virtuous pillow.

The exercises are varied a little from day to day, rowing on the Harlem river being occasionally added to the morning performance, or perhaps thrown in towards the evening.

In all other respects Mr. Hyer, like Mr. Sullivan, lives a perfect chaste and abstemious life, and is a pattern to many who claim to lead up middle aisles, and to sound the key note in sacred psalmistry. In this connexion, it is proper for us to mention that he maintains the same domestic reserve, as does Mr. Sullivan, and would receive Mrs. Hyer, should she visit him at the Romantic Hotel, only with a dignified and Pickwickian courtesy. The reader has now seen the privations, the hardships, and the self-denial which a man must practise before he can arrive at his physical climax, and stand as nature intended him, free from all vitiation of perverted habits. It is a severe, nay, a terrible task, compared with which, the fighting itself is as nothing. Many constitutions break down while undergoing it, while others which are a little worn, dare not attempt the requisite extremes, but come to the score in only half condition. This is not the case, however, with either Hyer or Sullivan. Both have been repeatedly waited upon by curious physicians, who have sounded them in every point and who repeat their examinations with increasing satisfaction, at every advancing stage of the training. With the exception of the trifling eruption which we have noticed as having appeared on Hyer's face, his skin and flesh look fine, and he shows up his points in a truly formidable manner. He is improving fast, and will doubtless continue to do so, if judiciously attended. As he works and perspires away his useless flesh, he does not replace it as do other weary men with copious draughts of water, but eschews everything in the shape of moisture, except what he derives from the juices of his beef, and such slight thimbles full of ale and crystal fluid, as nature absolutely requires. By this system, all the refuse of a long period of ease is fast leaving him, and his frame bids fair soon to be reduced to the mere rudiments of muscular strength.

December 16th, 1848.

YANKEE SULLIVAN IN HIS TRAINING.

Some men are born great; some men achieve greatness; and some men have greatness thrust upon them. At least William Shakspeare said so, in the seventeenth century, and we hold him still to be an authority, maugre the theory of the Rev. J. C. Hart, that he was tainted with Jansenism, and was given to whistling through a fork.—"Some men achieve greatness," says the poet, and if an humble descendant of the Timonies may make a comparison not exactly after the fashion of Plutarch, we would venture to point to General Taylor and Yankee Sullivan as striking proofs of the correctness of the proposition. Both of them are great, and both of them have achieved their greatness for themselves. What is more, both of them are fighting men, and though Gen. Taylor might not appear to as much advantage in a twenty-four feet roped ring as Mr. Sullivan, it is equally certain that Mr. Sullivan would not be able to compete with General Taylor in giving the six cuts with a broadsword, or in looking against a battery. Both, however, have overthrown all their adversaries, and are the heroes of every field in which they have ever spread themselves; though the probability is that General Taylor has had the good luck to kill a great many more than Yankee has ever peppered.

As for Sullivan, he seems to be what sporting men, in a spirit of elegant condensation, term an "invince," and succeeds with every thing he undertakes. Whether he will carry his prestige with him after the 7th of February next, depends somewhat upon the consent of Mr. Thomas Hyer, for whom he is now training; but outside, or rather inside of that method of ascertainment, the question of his future fortunes cannot be divined by peeping into a mustard pot. At any rate, and happen what may, Mr. Sullivan cannot be rendered less than a great man, or one of the famous "has beens," while Mr. Hyer, on his side, perils the hope of a great "to come."

When we said that the Hon. Mr. Sullivan was successful in everything he undertook, we had in mind, in addition to the list of his battles, a few recent exploits which he has performed since the commencement of his training, and which are but new proofs of the strong and acute intellect to which he mainly owes all his earlier achievements.

Mr. Sullivan at the commencement of his training bought him a horse, and out of compliment to his friend Country McCleester, for having whipped sixteen Mexicans one afternoon after a very hearty dinner near El Puenta Nacional, he named him "Country."

What were Mr. Sullivan's original contemplations in regard to the animal—whether he intended to spar with him, or to challenge his speed in foot races on the track,—we cannot venture to assert; but it is a fact, however, which we will put forth, that he so stimulated his nag by the speed of his example, that he has been enabled to get him up to a sufficient rate of velocity to win three matches and pocket the combined stakes of four hundred dollars.

The first of these matches, (all of which were made by Mr. Sullivan in the same off-hand manner in which he would have signed the Declaration of Independence,) was with a somewhat famous trotting nag called "Cambridge Girl," and the stake was $200. This was won by Mr. Sullivan, or by the horse for him—which is the same thing as well in Ireland as in Affghanistan—in two straight heats, the first being performed in 2.44, and the second in 2.46, maugre a heavy vehicle behind him, and a very heavy gentleman inside of it.

The second was with the same antagonist, for $100, and the last with a grey pacer without a name, and which was beaten so badly that it now has no stomach to look a name up.

Thus does Mr. Sullivan amuse himself with incidental "snaps" during his training for his terrifying match, while his hours of more elegant leisure are devoted to the improvement of a large sized bull terrier, which he is ready to match against the world, and a young brood of game chickens, on which he indulges the most enthusiastic speculations. Every thing that comes under his jurisdiction seems to be improving in condition. Tom O'Donnell, one of his trainers, is in such saucy health that he wishes to redeem the laurels he once lost to Winrow, at a wager of $1000, and Bill Wilson, the other, is willing to fight any thing and every thing that looks like him; a fruitless hope for manifest reasons in his physiognomy. As for Sullivan, *he* has reached such a degree of pugnacity and physical power, that some of his friends begin to mistrust the safety of leaving him alone with himself.

Those who wish to see the three above distinguished gentlemen in their most favored positions, may be thoroughly gratified on the evening of Thursday the 21st, at Mager's Concert Hall, in Elizabeth street, where they will all meet in solemn exhibition, similar to the grand convention recently called together by the Hon. Thomas Hyer.—What will render this meeting more exciting, perhaps, is the fact that it immediately precedes the final deposit of the $10,000 stake, and will be probably the last occasion on which the Hon. Mr. Sullivan will "show" before the fight.

December 30, 1848.

SULLIVAN'S LAST EXHIBITION.

According to announcement by yellow placards and otherwise, the grand soiree pugilistic of the Hon. Yankee Sullivan and his trainers came off, or on, according to the taste of the reader, on the night of Thursday the 21st, at the now famous 101 Elizabeth street. Notwithstanding the bitterness of the weather, and the angry driving of the snow, we found assembled at the hour of eight, a very large number of gentlemen in rough pea-coats and seal-skin caps, whose grave countenances and earnest side conversations gave evidence that they were duly impressed with the important nature of the occasion. For our own part, we did not enjoy that elasticity of mind and body which usually characterize our temperament. We had throughout the day been actively engaged in the heavy department of the *Police Gazette*, and it will be easily conceived, even by those very slightly skilled in physics, that an edition of twenty-seven thousand papers carried on our own proper back, from the press-room to the publication office, may disturb the equanimity of the shoulder even of a fighting editor. It was out of the question, therefore, when we arrived, that we should yield to the numerous invitations to spar with Mr. Sullivan, though we find enough vigor left in our five fingers to give him the sign manual, common from the days of Nimrod down, among gentlemen of our order. In consequence of this state of mind and body, we must be excused from giving the reader that particularity of detail which the principal editor usually requires of us on these occasions.

Altogether, the affair was a very superior one of its kind, and though it did not equal in numbers the great mass meeting of the friends of Mr. Hyer, held some weeks ago, the performances of the athletæ who appeared were fully equal to those of the champions who signalized themselves on the former occasion.

* * * * * *

The Hon. Mr. Sullivan, and his friend the pitcher, Country McCleester, were finally ushered in the circle, amid the applause of the enthusiatic auditory. It is hardly necessary to relate the friendly pastime which took place between these two gentlemen. Sullivan was dressed in the uniform in which he will meet the Hon. Mr. Hyer on the 7th of February, in order to request him to show cause why judgement should not be entered against him in the matter of $10,000, now pending on the question which of the two have, or will have the handsomest face after that time.

We hardly know how to describe Mr. Sullivan, though it is seldom we are at such a loss in regard to anything in the heavens above, in earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. It is not enough to say that he is five feet ten, with light legs, deep chest, strong loins, full shoulders, high cheek bones, muscular neck, quick intelligent eye, and a small flinty looking head, for though all that is true, it will not give a correct idea of his general appearance. At one time he looks like a high trained game cock; next a fighting terrier; again a steam engine in full stroke, and sometimes a flimsy old bag of wool, that would as leaf be beat as not. On the occasion we are now relating, he looked to us more like a hard frost than anything we could think of at the time, and if he had bent his eyes sternly at us during the evening, we should have felt justified in swearing our life against him. It is time for him to look somewhat after this fashion, however, as this is his last appearance before the fight.

On the 10th of January next, or rather in the evening thereof, Mr. Hyer makes his farewell bow to the public at the same place, previous to the event of the 7th of the ensuing month. He is said to be in equally fine condition with his hardy competitor, and his appearance on that occasion will doubtless warrant an equal confidence in his backers, with that which now stimulates the friends of Sullivan.

Let it go as it will, however, a good result has already been effected for the community. The pugilistic spirit has let off the fever for assassination, and the six barrelled pistols and the murderous bowie knives which a few weeks ago were the pet weapons of every rakehell and swash buckler in the town, have given place to the doctrine of the knuckles and hitting from "the shoulder." A peaceful man, may therefore, now walk the street where the fighting crowds perambulate, without fear of being sped to his account by a whiff from some deadly muzzle, or by a slivering stroke from some sweeping blade.

Indeed, so far as this quarrel between Hyer and Sullivan is concerned, we are well convinced that had not the present match been made, the large bands of resolute men who adhere to each, would have met, Philadelphia fashion, before now, and cost the census records some half a dozen lives. In this view, the present fight may be considered the safety valve of a much greater danger. After the feud is settled, however, all should join to stop such business in the future. We could use cant on this subject if we pleased; but we prefer to talk common sense.

January 13th, 1849. }
The 5th month. }

HYER'S LAST EXHIBITION.

The announcement of the last "grand exhibition" of Tom Hyer, drew together, at Mager's Concert Hall, on the night of Wednesday, of last week, a company ranging between seven hundred and a thousand people, who, at a dollar a head, seemed to afford the most profound satisfaction to the Hon. Mr. Hyer, as he stood in a position of dignified reflection near the head of the stairs, in the first smile of the evening. Surrounding Mr. Hyer were several amateurs and "Past Grands" in the fistic art, gazing in admiration at the "Royal Arch" before them, and occasionally making side whispers to their friends, by way of evincing their high estimation of his qualities and condition. A nod from the Hon. Mr. Hyer, to any new comer, under these circumstances, was a compliment of no ordinary magnitude; so when the circle of reverent outsiders saw him spit in his hand at our approach, and give us a grasp similar to that to be exchanged between Mayor Havemeyer and General Taylor, when the latter visits the city, a singular expression of envy might be seen in the faces of all surrounding lookers on. The Hon. Mr. Hyer has a great power of grip, and right well do the five fingers of our right hand recollect it.

The Hon. Mr. Hyer looked in superb condition, and fully justified the high encomiums that were passed upon him. He stood his full six feet two and a half; his frame seemed reduced to its most nervous measure, and the ruddy hardness of his feature showed a glow of tough and vigorous health, that could hardly be exceeded in animal condition. In attire and outline, he was, perhaps, the best dressed and handsomest man present; and when we say this we give full consideration to the claims and pretensions of all the mustachioed exquisites, pugilistic competitors, dandy policemen, editors and lawyers of a high and low degree, who account themselves "some" in the vocabulary of good looks, and who were then and there "on hand."

The great feature of the evening now arrived, and amidst a strong sensation and general applause, the Hon. Mr. Hyer and Mr. Thompson leaped upon the stage. In standing up in his silk net shirt, Hyer looked more gaunt than we expected, and his shoulder blades showed as sharp through the glossy woof, as the ribs of a racer through a chestnut hide. He is certainly under the mark of one hundred and seventy-five, while Thompson, on the other hand, has fattened with his exercise, and showed to the extent of some two hundred weight.

As soon as the combatants had bowed to the audience with the grace of Barnum's giant, and touched the tips of each other's gloves with dignified courtesy, they squared away amid a profound silence, which evinced the deep interest of the audience in what was about to take place. Hyer did not hold himself so stiff as at his former exhibition, though he still leaned back more than satisfied the opinions of the judicious. His design seems to be to hold his face from danger in the coming fight, which is very well, if he can at the same time protect his lower ribs. One of these two points, however, he must yield to his acute antagonist, and it is a matter of considerable question among the learned in pugilistic science, which of the two relinquishments will subject him to the lightest injury. Apart from its disfigurements, the face is the safest point to give away, so far as ultimate results upon the health are to be considered, while the blows upon the body, though they leave the mind clear and permit a longer struggle, are more lasting and hurtful in their effects. It is the difference between champagne, which whizzes the thoughts beyond command and soon lays its victim underneath the table, and blazing alcohol, which bites into the bowels and leaves a permanent imprint upon the inner system. Hyer seems to have chosen to preserve his features, but while he holds his head well up, he has at the same time adopted a firm lower guard, which would be very difficult for any man to pass, except, perhaps, the Hon. Mr. Sullivan.

The first round or two between Mr. Hyer and his friend was rather prosy in its method, consisting mostly of a few feints, and a cautious pantomime, in the course of which but two or three good hits were made by Hyer, without any earnest disposition, as it seemed to us, on the part of Mr. Thompson, to return them. Indeed, he seemed to satisfy himself with keeping on his guard, and when he did return, his blows were handsomely, or, to use perhaps a more correct term, *showily*, stopped. Five or six rounds more followed, of much the same character as the first, but during the whole the surprise of all who knew Thompson's qualities was great in the extreme, that he did not display to better advantage. The backers of the beneficiary, however, insisted that the cause of this, was Thompson's dread of Hyer's counter-hits; while others of the same class, who pretended to be deeper into the secret, gave several profound winks, and slyly indicated that Mr. Sullivan's friends "were not a going to learn any pints from that are set-to." However this may be, the encounter might very properly be termed a "wooden" one. Had they been a pair of automatons arranged on mechanical principles, and pulled to a set method by a string, they could not have deserved less independent credit. It is certain that the affair did not give very general satisfaction, and the opinion of the audience seemed to be, that both the parties might have done much better, had they pleased.

The whole affair was interesting, however, as the grand precursor of the fight; and the satisfaction of seeing, in action, a man who is soon desperately to contend for the enormous stake of $10,000, was worth the individual outlay at the door.

There will be no more exhibitions previous to the actual contest, and each man will be as busy as possible in making the final preparations for the struggle.

As for Sullivan, having won the choice of ground, he is now on his journey, via. Philadelphia, to select it. He will make the most of his advantage by scraping acquaintance with every individual for five miles round the country in which the ring is to be pitched, and thus will secure a local feeling in his favor in advance of his antagonist, that will protect his interests, if necessary, on the ground. His journey is, therefore, a sort of electioneering expedition; and he will also make it one of profit, by giving an exhibition in Philadelphia, and perhaps in Baltimore, during his advance or his return. These chances the Hon. Mr. Hyer is deprived of, not being entitled to know the location of the arena until within ten days of the fight. It is said, however, that he is cheerfully content with this disadvantage, having perfect confidence in his ability, under all circumstances, to take care of the end of the chapter. As to this, we shall see.

Where the Hon. Mr. Sullivan will pitch his stakes is not yet within conjecture, though many hope he will choose the District of Columbia, so that Congress may adjourn, after the fashion of Parliament, for the Epsom races, to see this most absorbing event since the Presidential election, or the outbreak of the California fever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Lesson in Cow Stealing.

We breakfasted at Mr. Clancy's house, at Charleville. Mr. O'Connell talked away for the amusement of the party who had assembled to meet him. "I was once," said he, "counsel for a cow stealer, who was clearly convicted—the sentence was transportation for fourteen years. At the end of that time he returned, and happening to meet me, he began to talk about the trial. I asked him how he had always managed to steal the *fat* cows; to which he gravely answered: 'Why, then, I'll tell your honor the whole secret of that, sir, *Whenever your honor goes to steal a cow* always go on the worst night you can, or if the weather is very bad, there chances are that nobody will be up to see your honor. The way you'll always know the fat cattle in the dark, is by this token—that the fat cows always stand out in the more exposed places—but the lean ones always go into the ditch for shelter.' So," (continued O'Connell) "I got that lesson in cow stealing gratis from my worthy client."

☞ Rosseau's advice to the Poles was, "if you cannot prevent your neighbors from swallowing you, manage at least that they may not digest you."

☞ They say the gas supplied by the New York company is so weak, that it becomes quite *faint* before it reaches the lower end of the city.

NEW YORK CLIPPER

JANUARY 28, 1854.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor.
FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

Answers to Correspondents.

NOTICE.

As this department of our paper appears to be growing in favor with our readers, it becomes necessary to state that questions submitted for answers must be sent in early on Tuesday, otherwise they cannot be answered till the following week. Questions not answered must be repeated. No attention given to unpaid letters.

Reader.—Hammer Lane beat Owen Swift, on the 10th of May, 1836, in two hours and three minutes, 104 rounds having been fought in that time.

Robt. Lees, Valley Falls, R. I.—We have no recollection of the affair you allude to.

J. Lewis, Philada.—Ben Caunt, formerly Champion of England, was born on the 22d of March, 1815. His fighting weight is 14½ stone, and his height 6 feet 2½ inches.

Subscriber, Quebec.—There is a society in this city for improving the breed of canaries. By addressing a line to Dr. Bassett, Drug Store, Broadway, above Bleecker street, who is one of the principal members, you will no doubt obtain the information you require. The seventh annual exhibition of the New York Canary Bird Fanciers' Association commenced on Monday last, and remains open one week, at 292 Bowery.

B. O. J.—ALL FOURS.—He can trump, although he has the suit led in hand

J. Thomas.—A. counts Jack, and B. low.

**A Sporter.*—Johnny Walker beat Sam Simmonds, Dec. 15, 1846. They fought for £200 a-side. The fight occupied 31 minutes, 13 rounds being fought in that time.

An Old Reader.—Dhawalageri Mountain, in Asia. The highest point is 26,462 feet above the level of the sea.

T. R——.—Our advice on the subject you refer to, is that persons benumbed with cold should promote circulation of the blood by exercise rather than by the warmth of the fire. The approach to the fire should be gradual, as sudden exposure of the feet or hands to its heat is the means of causing chilblains.

Dick.—Figg was the first Champion of England.

An Old Salt.—Your communication in reference to the duties of officers on shipboard, is correct in many particulars, but is more suitable for a daily paper than for our class of readers.

T. Y., Troy.—We do not know the whereabouts of Morrissey at present, and if we did, it would be advisable to keep it to ourselves.

R. S. R.—We have answered this question before. Hayes and Madden's was the longest fight on record, occupying six hours and three minutes. It took place July 17, 1849, at Edenbridge, England.

Tom Tugg.—RAFFLE.—"At a raffle lately for a gold watch, and diamond breast pin, two prizes, the highest throws were 38, three gentlemen having each thrown 38. How should the affair be decided?" The three throw over again, and the two highest take the prizes.

Turfite.—"At what time and place did the great race take place between the celebrated horses Eclipse and Henry, and what was the time made, &c?" The remarkable contest between the Champions of the North and South, Eclipse and Henry, took place on the Union Course, Long Island, on the 27th of May, 1823. It was a match race of four mile heats, for $20,000 aside, and was won in three heats by Eclipse. The time was as follows:—first heat 7,37; second heat, 7,49; third heat, 8,24; whole time, *twenty-three minutes and f

The Libeller.

The would be "thunderer" of America, but in point of fact, New York Herald, on Thursday of last week contained an article in reference to the bills sent in to the Board of Supervisors by various papers for advertising "Notice of Election." In this article the amount of each bill was stated, together with the sum allowed by the Board, exhibiting a considerable difference in the two amounts, and showing a heavy balance still due the proprietors of the papers alluded to, which can be recovered by due process of law. Not satisfied, however, with giving the simple facts of the case, the journal in question took upon itself the office of reading a lecture, or patent sermon, to its cotemporaries upon the subject of black-mail, in regard to which the Herald is universally admitted to be the best authority. In the course of the sermon, allegations were made, which, if not placed in their true light, might create erroneous impressions, and perhaps lead to injurious results. In order, therefore, to keep our readers "posted up," we give below the comments of our peevish neighbour, and also a few remarks of our own in reference thereto:

The table gives a curious *expose* of the estimate which our City Fathers place upon the city papers. The New York Demokrat, (German,) received $40 for an advertisement, the National Democrat for the same $35, and the Herald, $30. The military received a severe blow, as the Service Journal and the Argus were cut down one half. The Supervisors believe in a joke, and therefore allowed the reasonable bill of the Pick, [$13,75.] Religion received a blow when the Church Journal was cut from $30 to $11, but it was made up again in the $2,50 which appears to have been added to the account of the Sabbath Recorder. Our young friend of the Times suffered to the extent of $18. The Reformer, the Reform, the Mirror, the People's Organ, and other "reform" papers, it seems, charged too much, and were cut severely. The Clipper, (what is the Clipper, and where is it printed?) charged $46 25, and was allowed $13, 75. The modesty of this paper is only equalled by its obscurity.

So far as apprehending any harm from the above ill-natured remarks in regard to the Clipper, we need only give the following illustration, in order to show our readers, and the community generally, the position at present occupied by the Herald in the newspaper world.

A little boy, having been sent on an errand by his employer, was prevented from entering the premises where his business called him, by the furious bark ing of a huge dog. Seeing a gentleman pass by the brute in safety, the little boy called out to the man, and said,

"Please, sir, will that dog bite? He barks so, I'm afraid of him."

"Oh no, my little man," replied the gentleman, "he used to snarl and bark and bite, but we pulled his teeth out lately, and he *can do nothing but bark now!* Walk in, he can't hurt you, he's perfectly harmless."

Just so it is with the Herald. Before the late verdict of $10,000 damages against Bennet for libel, was rendered, it was considered almost certain ruin to incur the displeasure of the publisher of the Herald, but now, like the other dog above referred to, he is perfectly harmless.

But to our subject. The advertisement alluded to was ordered to be published in every paper in this state. We accordingly inserted it in the Clipper, once a week for a long period, and then handed in our bill for payment. We charged according to our regular terms of advertising, and the total amount was $46 25 cents. Instead of receiving the sum, to which we were honestly entitled, the Board of Supervisors fixed the amount according to their own ideas of justice, and paid us $13 75 cents; in addition to which we understand the Sheriff received $1,25 cts. as his fee for collecting making in all $15. The Herald was paid $30, just double the sum paid us, but in order to account for this destinction, we have to state, what the Herald omitted to notice in its comments, that this sum of $30 was paid for inserting the advertisement in two papers, viz. in the Daily Herald, and in the Weekly Herald, thus making $15 for each paper, precisely the amount allowed the Clipper, so that our readers see what faith is to be put in the Herald's statements.

Again, it will be seen by the above extract, that the bill of the Pick, (a paper of some four thousand circulation) was paid. The bill was $13,75, and the total amount paid. Now what will the regular advertisers in that concern think when we inform them that while they are charged *ten and twelve cents a line* for their advertisements, the advertisement of the Notice of Election, above referred to, was inserted in the Pick at the rate of "two cents a line!" Is this fair and honest dealing? The evidence adduced from the article in the Herald does not seem to imply it. The four thousand circulation concern is, by the way, a protege of the Herald. Let private advertisers look to their interests.

The remarks of the Herald, as to the obscurity of the Clipper, is in perfect keeping with the character of the former journal for falsehood and maliciousness. If the Clipper is obscure, as alleged, it is but a poor argument in support of advertising in the Herald, for, on the very day the article was published in that paper, an advertisement calling attention to the contents of the Clipper for that week, was also inserted. We generally inserted an advertisement in the Herald on Thursday, (our publication day,) of each week. So that, if the Herald spoke truth in regard to our obscurity, then must its statements that advertisers are benefitted by publishing their favors in that journal, be false; and if the latter position be tenable, the former is undoubtedly untrue. In either case, the Herald stands convicted of a wilful, deliberate lie, and to further prove the assertion as to our obscurity false, we stand ready to wager $500 *that the circulation of the New York Clipper is greater than the circulatim of the Weekly Herald!*

The truth of the whole matter is, that the remarks in relation to the Clipper were made, as we truly believe, at the instigation of a "roper-in" or "doer of dirty work," employed about the Herald office, whose jealousy of the unprecedented success of the Clipper, and despair at *his own fast declining prospects*, prompted him to attempt to injure, and, if possible, destroy us, in the vain hope that by so doing, he might save himself. He is foiled, however, for the foundation of our journal is as firm and solid as the rock of ages, whilst the influence of the journal upon which he relies to crush us is no longer what it once was, and though it may snap and snarl, it cannot bite—its fangs have been extracted.

We started the Clipper in the hope that by striking into a new track, we might possibly be successful. Our small capital, the result of years of toil and hard work, was invested in the perilous undertaking, and knowing "no such word as fail," we boldly steered our little craft into deep water, and soon had a good offing. That we have been successful needs no confirmation at our hands. Our large circulation sufficiently attests the fact, and if one thing more were wanting to carry conviction, we need only point to the simple fact of being assailed in the Herald, for the moment a journal begins to assume a prominent position in the newspaper world, just so sure will the batteries of the Herald be brought to bear upon it. Having received the Herald's fire, we can exclaim, in the language of Webster, we "still live."

Talents Misused.

One evening last week whilst sitting in the Tabernacle, on the occasion of an entertainment given by the Hutchinsons, we could not refrain from remarking what a pity it was that men endowed with such fine musical abilities should thus waste their precious moments, when they would make such a fine band of Nigger Minstrels. But every man to his taste.

"Red Eye."

Some of the wise men of Gotham are endeavouring to effect the "passage of the Maine Law." They might as well attempt the *passage of the Red Sea.* The *hosts* of New York are not to be caught like the "hosts of Pharaoh," although it might be added that the former still adhere to the doctrines of "faro."

Raynor's Benefit.

Those who have so often listened with delight to the deep, rich tones of Mr. J. W. Raynor, the renowned basso attached to Christy's Minstrels, will learn with pleasure that his benefit will take place on Saturday evening, Jan. 28. The Voyage Musicale will be performed, in which the celebrated American Quadrille will be introduced---the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon, the cries of the wounded, and all the horrors of war will be so faithfully given, as to lead to the supposition that the spectators are actually witnessing a sham battle. A new Ethiopian lament, entitled "Toll the bell for Lilly Dale," will also be given, together with other attractive features, for which see the programme. Christy's Minstrels, No. 472 Broadway, on Saturday evening, 28th inst.

Crew of the Three Bells.

The gallant crew of the Three Bells, whose manly hearts and hands were so freely enlisted in the good work of rescuing the storm-tossed voyagers of the steamer San Francisco, visited the Bowery Amphitheatre on Monday evening last, and were received with three times three hearty cheers, such as the Bowery Boys alone can give. How often is it the case that while we are profuse in our gratitude and thanks to the one who *directs* poor Jack, the good-hearted soul who *performs*, is utterly lost sight of, and after his labor of mercy is over, retires modestly to his hole in the forecastle, happy in the consciousness of having assisted a brother in distress. While praising the conduct of Capt. Creighton let us not neglect the noble crew of the Three Bells. We hope the committee entrusted with the disposal of the funds to be presented to the rescuers of the survivors of the San Francisco will not out the gallant crew of the Three Bells with any half way proceedings.

The Rounds.

In next week's Clipper will be published the conclusion of the great $10,000 match, between Hyer and Sullivan, embracing the journey of the men to the "spot," the chase given by the authorities, the escape of the "fugitives," the "landing of the pilgrims," and the full particulars of the rounds fought. This will be found to be deeply interesting, and will be worthy of being preserved among the "archives" of the Nation. Don't forget to secure a copy in time.

A Ball Room Miss.

"THE POOR DELICATE CREATURE."

Being now in the midst of the season of dancing, of balls, parties, soirees, reunions, and what not, we took a friend with us a few evenings since for the purpose of introducing to his notice a phenomenon called a "ball room Miss," or, more properly speaking, a "poor delicate creature." It may be that some of our jealous cotemporaries may ferret out something similar to our sketch, as having been written by some European Sullivan, as was the case a short time since with that truly *original* writer, Boureicault. If such should be the case, our friends will know to what to ascribe such envious proceedings. But, of that, enough for the present. Let us see---where shall we go? Ah! that's it---we'll go to Mrs. John Smith's ball. Mrs. John Smith is one of the upper-twelve-and-a-half. Her husband, Mr. John Smith, [everybody knows him,] is only one of the six-and-a-quarter. They live on the Fifth avenue, have no poor relations, [and if they had, it would make no difference,] and ride to Grace Church in their own carriage. Here we are at the house, and now we are ushered into the brilliantly lighted drawing room, and the dazzling magnificence of every arrangement of Mrs. John Smith's ball breaks upon our bewildered senses. Oh! yes, yes. Excuse us---we promised to point you out the "delicate creature," a "ball room Miss." Do you see that beautiful girl spinning round in the waltz with that mop on a broom handle, the crystallized foreigner, now opposite to you, who is such a revolving pillar of diamonds? Yes, we see the lovely blonde---if you mean her---with the *bare arms and naked shoulders*; a costume which, by courtesy, is called *full dress.* What a rate she is going at! Precisely; the CLIPPER'S steam engine is, in quickness, a slow coach compared to her! She makes more revolutions in one minute than the French have made in all their lives: and, if you notice, she shows no symptoms of fatigue. She will keep up that same speed for hours, and the moment she ceases she is ready to begin again. She is indefatigable; no wheel in a cotton factory could spin round quicker, or work for so many hours with less apparent fatigue. But she is going out on the balcony: why she will catch her death of cold! No; she is accustomed to it. A sailor walking the deck wouldn't trouble himself less about colds than she does. All atmospheres are the same to her. She is no fragile hot-house plant, but a hardy annual that will bloom anywhere---up the chimney, if you please, or down in the cellar, or by the side of the kitchen fire, or at the bottom of the well---the small question of temperature doesn't make much difference to a constitution so well seasoned as hers. But does she take no nourishment to keep up this extraordinary fatigue? Yes; ices---plenty of ices and biscuits---varied occasionally with a jelly, and perhaps, late in the evening, the tiniest wing of a chicken with a little lobster sauce, or a maccaroni, or a bit of blancmange, the whole of it washed down with not more than half a glass of champagne. But we have seen her eat a very good supper---a supper worthy of a mechanic after a hard day's work---but it has been very late, when there were very few persons in the room, and she has had a pleasant companion, who made her laugh, and kept continually filling her glass. And after that? Why after that she goes up stairs again, and dances more incessantly than ever. She is insatiable for dancing. To look at her, you would think one of Barnum's snakes had bitten her, and that she couldn't keep still for the fraction of a minute. The wonder is how one pair of satin shoes lasts her through the same evening. You would imagine with her rapidity---and it is as much as your eyes can do to follow her---that she would wear out half a dozen pairs at least. And how long does she keep it up? Why, as long as she can---till 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning---till the wax candles begin to droop---till the musicians have nearly played themselves fast asleep---until she hasn't a partner left to dance with---and then, loth to leave, she goes unwillingly home to begin the same dance the following evening. How often does this occur? Why four, or five, and sometimes six times a week; and frequently there are two or three balls on the same evening, and she goes to every one of them, and this, mind you, after she has been to see Uncle Tom's Cabin, at the National, perhaps, in the day time, and Christy's Minstrels in the evening. What, only think of the exercise! Well, that is something to be sure; and if the calculation could be made, it is probable it would be ascertained, by the most generous hackman's measure, that that young lady does not dance less than twenty miles in the course of an evening; and that is only allowing at the rate of four miles an hour, which you will acknowledge is absurdly moderate for human waltzing. Multiply this by 6, and you will have a sum total of 120 miles danced by a young lady in the period of one week! And this, recollect, is independent of shopping, and other matters, that demand some degree of exercise during the day. And now, do you know who this young lady is who dances her 120 miles a week? Who is it who goes through an amount of labor only to be equalled by Mickey Free in his feat of walking one thousand miles in one thousand hours! You will never guess---and so I do not mind telling you. She is the same young lady whom we saw stretched out at full length on the sofa at her father's house the other day, who looked so weak that she would have fainted if any one had asked her to walk across the street; who was so nervous that she could not bear the slightest noise, or endure the smallest key-hole of fresh air; who was so woe-begone that she could not talk, laugh, nor open her eyes, nor touch a single thing; so helpless that she could not have moved off her couch by herself, not even if the house had been in flames; who looked, in fact, such a lackadaisical bundle of shawls and prostration that you must have doubted in your own mind whether she could ever stand upright again on her two legs. Yes, sir, that young lady, whose prowess you have been wondering at this evening, is that same Poor Delicate Creature; and we might add that in the way of fatigue there are very few men, excepting our pugilistic friends Tom Hyer, Yankee Sullivan, or Morrissey---who can stand half so much as your POOR DELICATE CREATURE, OR BALL ROOM MISS!

Foot Race at the Circus.

FOR A SILVER GOBLET.

The announcement having been made that a foot race for a Silver Goblet would take place at the Bowery Amphitheatre on Monday evening last, that establishment was crowded with all sizes and sexes of those anxious to witness the short. The terms of the match were that competitors should run round the course fourteen times, and the one performing the feat in the shortest time should receive the Goblet. Three persons were entered, viz., a young man named Horton, an amateur, and Hiram Day, one of the Clowns attached to the Circus. Horton was the first to try his speed. He started off at only a moderate pace, which he managed to keep to the end of his journey, performing the fourteen rounds in 1 minute and 36 seconds, according to our time, but those keeping time *officially*, made it but 1 minute, 28 seconds. Mr. Horton did not run fair, inasmuch as he did not keep up to the regular track, but cut off to the center of the ring too much.

The amateur was the next. He received the word, and went off at a good pace, but, on account of the ring being so small he slipped twice and nearly fell out of the ring. Of course these accidents delayed him, and put him out of sorts, more especially as the pit boys told him he would have to take a dose of "jalap" before he could run. Time 1 minute and 40 seconds, "our time" and the "official time" very strangely agreeing "this time."

Hiram Day was the next and last of the competitors. He was the favorite with the "boys." At the word "go," he started off at a "ripping pace," amid the shouts of the audience, who seemed confident that Hiram would "take them all down," and had he continued as he commenced, he would have made extraordinary time, but he began to tire, or at least *seemed* to be fatigued, perhaps it was so ordered, and he came in at a "slow trot." Time---official and Clipper again agreeing---1 minute and 32 seconds.

According to the official time, and we suppose in accordance with previous arrangements, the Goblet was handed over to Mr. Horton, who modestly bowed his thanks, and thus ended the "Foot Race at the Circus."

There is no doubt if there was a large establishment in this city, where foot race, and other sports could take place, this species of amusement would become very popular; and we have no doubt if the gentlemen engaged in making arrangements for the erection of the New Amphitheatre, would make this a feature in the amusements, to be offered for the patronage of the public, that they would find it more remunerative than almost any other attraction, always provided that sporting matters should be perfectly "on the square."

Extraordinary Presentation.

OF A SINGULAR WATCH AND CHAIN,

TO TOM HYER!

Our sporting friends were informed, through the Dispatch and Herald, that the friends of Tom Hyer, in Boston, as a token of the esteem in which they hold that American Champion, and as a testimony of his private worth, had presented him with a most beautiful and costly gold watch and chain, and that the whole arrangement was to be seen at Dick Platt's Saloon, under Wallack's Theatre.

The mere announcement of the fact created an unusual desire to see the watch and chain, and the consequence was that our friend Platt has had an extraordinary run of visitors during the week, and has sold an extraordinary quantity of "whiskey skins," "hot brandy punches," and other "kindred spirits," all on the strength of "that watch and chain."

The attendants at the saloon were very polite to all who desired to take a look, and answered all interrogatories with the greatest patience and good nature in the world. The watch and chain, both in the design and the execution of the work, reflect the greatest credit on those engaged in getting it up, for the entire establishment is different from anything of the kind ever before seen in this city, and is emphatically a genuine "Boston Notion."

We can compare the watch, for size and beauty, to nothing—except those usually placed in front of jewelry stores as *signs*,—and the chain, how can we describe it! It is composed of several solid links, forming a chain, pleasant to look upon, and almost good enough to eat. An inscription is attached to this beautiful piece of workmanship, which will well repay perusal. Take a look at it!

Death of Greenhalch.

THE CELEBRATED COMPETITOR OF STEEPROCK.

A few weeks since we announced in the columns of the Clipper, the death of Canada, the celebrated Indian Pedestrian. We are now called upon to record the death of Thomas Greenhalch, well known in this country, as well as in England, as a Pedestrian of extraordinary power. He died in the Hospital at Bellevue, on Saturday, 14th inst., and was interred on the following Monday in the Cemetary on Ward Island.

Greenhalch arrived in this country, from England, in 1844, in company with Barlow another pedestrian, and shortly after a match was made for a 10 mile race, on the Beacon Course, for a purse of $1,000. Among those entered were Greenhalch, Gildersleeve, Steeprock, Barlow the North Star, Jackson, the American Deer, and others. Greenhalch was declared the winner, and received the purse of $1,000.

Steeprock, not being satisfied with his defeat, offered to make a match with Greenhalch for a stake of $500 aside. Greenhalch was nothing loth to meet him, and a match to run 12 miles was accordingly made. After a sharp contest Steeprock was defeated. Greenhalch performing the 12 miles in 68 minutes.

Greenhalch, we believe, has been engaged in 49 races, in 4 of which only, was he defeated.

He has finished his career—he has run his last race, and though fleeter than the fleetest, he has forfeited at last to Death, who obtains the victory over all.

Greenhalch, we believe, leaves a wife and family in England.

Killed by an Engine.

On Monday evening last, as engine company No. 15, with their apparatus were passing through Pearl st., on their way to a fire, a young man, named Peter DeWitt, who was about crossing the street, was knocked down and run over. The engine passed over his breast, causing injuries of so severe a nature, that he died in about an hour afterwards at the New York Hospital, whither he was conveyed immediately after the accident.

Training, &c.

The continuation of the Hyer and Sullivan fight is given this week.

Ball of Franklin Engine Co.

A notice of this ball is unavoidably deferred until next week.

Wrestling Match for $3000 aside.

We have just learned that a match is likely to be made for $3000 aside, between Coit, the Indian, of Brooklyn, and a sporting man of this city.

Challenge to Mickey Free.

I, the undersigned, should like to run the above gentleman a half mile, for $25 or $50,—the match to come off inside a week. Man and money ready at Amos McGee's, corner of 12th street and Broadway.

JACOB BROWN.

Challenge to Mike Murphy.

Brooklyn Jan. 24th, 1854.

To the Editor of the Clipper.

DEAR SIR Bill Fletcher will fight Mike Murphy at 9 stone 10lbs give or take 2 or 3lbs, for two or three hundred dollars a side man and money ready at any time at G. Bartons.

BIRMINGHAM ARMS,
62 Front street, Brooklyn.

Challenge.—Rifle Shooting.

TROY, Jandary 21, 1854.

MR. EDITOR—I have been informed that some of my brother gunmakers have reported that I did not make the Rifle I used in the match I shot with Mr. Williamson, in September last, and in which he was badly beaten.

Now, to set this question at rest, I offer to stake $500 against $10, that I can prove by several respectable and credible witnesses, that I cut that gun, and in fact made the shooting part of it with my own hands. I cut every rifle with my own hands that is made at my shop. The shooting of another maker's gun is all that I have to contend with—and all another has to contend with when he shoots against one of my make.

My workmen perform the other parts of the labor; such as stocking, finishing, &c., and can do that as well as any maker can.

To make this matter a little more interesting, I now offer to match five rifles of my make against five of any other man's make in the United States, for one hundred dollars each gun. I will pick four men in the City of Troy, who, with myself, shall each shoot one of the five of my guns, and the other party shall pick five men in any other City or Town in the United States, who shall each shoot one of the guns matched against mine; each gun to be tested separately, for $100, and then the five strings to be measured together for $100 more.

The shooting to be done at G. Crane's, on the Albany road, any day in the month of June next to be named by the party accepting this challenge. The match to be accepted by the first day of April next, and a forfeit of $100 placed in the hands of Gilbert Crane to bind the match. The shooting to be done with plain globe sights, 10 or 20 shots each gun, at 40 rods, at rest—the ground to be picked and measured after the parties meet NELSON LEWIS.

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—

The Mails per U. S. M. S. ATLANTIC, Collins Line, for Europe, will close at this office on Saturday, Feb'y 4th. at ½ before 11 o'clock A. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.

January 21, 1854.

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—

The Mails per U S. M. S. OHIO, Law's Line, for California, via Havana, and Aspinwall, will close at this office on Monday Feb. 6, at 1 o'clock P. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.

Jan. 21, 1854.

AMUSEMENTS.

CAUTION.

Having understood that sundry individuals are in the habit of using the name of this paper, in order to obtain admission to various places of amusement, &c., in this city, we hereby give notice that no person is authorized to use the name of the Clipper, for any purpose, whatever, except the Proprietor and Editor, who are the *only* representatives of the New York Clipper. Their names will be found at the head of the Editorial Department of the Clipper, and they alone are connected with its management. Those who have been duped, and all others interested, will please give attention to this notice.

Buckley's Minstrels.

The Buckley's are in a fair way of becoming rich, for their saloon is well-filled by delighted auditors, every evening. Novelties are being constantly added to the already large list of attractions, and every night brings something new.

The New York Amphitheatre.

In a former number of the Clipper, we called the attention of those interested to the necessity of erecting a new Amphitheatre in this city, in order to meet the wants of the community. The present circus in the Bowery is too small to allow of evey ordinary feats being performed in a correct manner, and in consequence of this it is impossible to engage extraordinary equestrian talent, or to produce equestrian dramas, such as never fail to attract crowded audiences in European cities. We now learn that a company is about being organized for the purpose of erecting an Amphitheatre on a scale of magnificence and magnitude, commensurate with the demands of our amusement-loving citizens. Several of the members of the company alluded to are now looking out for a suitable site upon which to erect the building.

Christy's Minstrels.

Don't neglect to drop in at Christy,s, No. 472 Broadway, and hear the new song of "Ellen Bayne." It is beautiful. "Toll the Bell for Lilly Dale" is also well sung by this old established company of Minstrels. Nothing calculated to offend is ever introduced in the entertainments of the real Christy's Minstrels. Bear this fact in mind.

The National Theatre.

Notwithstanding the increasing number of Uncle Tom's in the theatrical firmament, the drama of that name as performed at the National is universally admitted to be the best representation of the kind yet put upon the stage. The natural manner in which the character of the gentle Eva is performed by Little Cordelia Howard is the subject of remark with all who visit Purdy's. The theatre is nightly filled, and the excitement, instead of waning is rather on the increase. See Uncle Tom at the National.

Tenderness.

Whilst the various European powers are preparing to cut each other up, what a pleasing consolation it is to know that owing to our republican form of government, each one of our citizens has the privilege of repairing to Weeks' Eating House, No. 83 Nassau street, and cutting up for his own special benefit, a fine tender loin, or delicious mutton chop, with all the additional accompaniments, and no man can bid him stop. Of all the eating establishments in the Great Metropolis, Weeks' is the place.

"Give me that, I ask no other."

And why did she wish it, and what was it? Ah! there's the secret. One of Rafferty & Leask's hats had caught her attention, and on looking into it, and admiring the beautiful trimmings, &c., she espied the well known features of her adored, in a Daguerreotype likeness inserted in the hat. Rafferty & Leask, the great hat manufacturers of No. 59 Chatham street, and corner of Chatham and Pearl, are the sole manufacturers of the Daguerrean Hat, and consequently are extremely popular in this city, not only with gentlemen, but also with the ladies, who can now obtain the likenesses of their admirers by merely advising them to purchase their hats of the above gentlemen. The likeness of each purchaser is given without additional charge.

"It Suits."

Thus exclaimed a gentleman who had ordered a suit of fashionable clothing from those tasty and gentlemanly tailors, Messrs. Drumgold and Proch, of No. 120 Fulton street, four doors from Nassau. And, in truth, all who patronise the above establishment are sure to be well pleased with their purchases. It is often the case that gentlemen have beautiful pieces of cloth rendered useless merely because their tailor did not understand, sufficiently, the art of cutting. At 120 Nassau st. there is no fear of this—what Drumgold & Proch promise, they perform.

Delicious Oysters.

We know of no other place where a better stew or fry can be had, than at "Ned's Snug Harbor," No. 348 Broome street, second block from the Bowery. The Wines, Ales, Liquors and Segars are of the best quality, and everything about the establishment calculated to refresh the inner man.

DANCING AND WALTZING ACADEMY.

M. Kilfoil

RESPECTFULLY announces to his patrons and friends that his classes for the second quarter will commence on the 1st of January next, at the Warren Hotel, corner of Oliver and Henry street, on Wednesdays and Fridays; and at the Hudson Exchange, corner of 10th Avenue and 30th street, on Monday and Thursday of each week.

All the Fashionable Dances will be taught, and every endeavor made to advance the pupil in an accomplishment so essential to ease and elegance of manner.

Ladies and Children's Private classes will commence at 5 and terminate at 6 o'clock P. M. Gentlemen's Private Classes from 6 urtil 7. Ladies Classes from 7 to 8. Gentlemen's from 8 to 9.

A Quadrille practice for both Ladies and Gentlemen from 9 to 11, for the benefit of all pupils.

Read it.

In our advertising columns will be found the advertisment of Hiram Anderson, the extensive Carpet Dealer, in which is set forth the various styles of Carpetings, Rugs, &c, &c, to be had at the Great Carpet Warehouse, No. 99 Bowery. After reading the advertisement, it would be well for those interested to call at No. 99 Bowery, and there examine the quality of the goods offered for sale. Un precedented bargains can now be had, and selections made from the most extensive assortment and stock ever offered to the notice of the public. As 99 is governed by fair and honest rules of dealing, purchasers can have no fear of being deceived, as is too often the case at other stores.

"The Cold Winds blow."

The piercing cold winds from the desolate frozen regions of the North come rushing upon us with impetuous fury, cutting the delicate and tender faces and hands of our lady friends into painful and numerous gashes, or in other words frightfully chapping the skin. If there were no remedy for this, our fair friends would be in a sad plight, but when it is so well known that Dr. Gouraud's Celebrated Italian Medicated Soap is a most effectual remedy for chaps, chafes, pimples, freckles, and all other disfigurements of the skin, our people bear undinchingly the peltings of the storm, and if effected, Dr. Gouraud affords the means of relief. We might also add that a good article of Hair Dye, and various other cosmetics are also prepared by Dr. Gouraud, at his office, No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway.

The Aeolian's Silvery Tones.

"The Harp that once through Tara's Halls the soul of Music shed," could not have given out such delicious tones as the great Aeolian Piano Forte of T. Gilbert & Co., and which is obtaining such a world-wide reputation through the efforts of Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, who is the exclusive agent for this valuable instrument. Amateurs as well as professors of Music acknowledge the Aeolian Piano to be unequalled for delicacy, brilliancy, and the utmost harmony of all its notes. S. D. & H. W. Smith's Melodeon, for which Horace Waters is also agent, is an instrument well adapted for the family circle, and is becoming a favorite with those fond of music. By calling at 333 Broadway, the above named instrument can be seen and heard. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

VALENTINE'S DAY, 1854.

OLD BACHELORS, OLD MAIDS, WIVES, Widows, Young Gents and Ladies,
Remember life is fleeting;
Now's the day, the time, the hour,
You'll find that Cupid still has power,
Tho' applied to in the "eleventh hour,"
To still your heart's wild beating.

The "Temple of Cupid," so recently burned down, has risen like a Phœnix from its ashes, with renewed splendor, STRONG in its mighty power, and will be opened exclusively for Valentines for a period of 60 days from the 8th day of January, 1854, on the site of the "Old Stand," 98 Nassau street, New York. Strong has spared no exertion to make the "Temple of Cupid" emphatically the Valentine Emporium of the New World, and will display the largest, most beautiful, and varied assortment of Valentines, Ornaments, Envelopes and Valentine Stationery ever before offered in this country, the manufacture of Paris, London, and the United States. Cupid respectfully invites a call to the "Temple" where Dealers and Jobbers buying for cash will find advantages not found every day. Orders made up from 5 to 5,000 dollars.
Valentine Companies liberally dealt with.
T. W. STRONG, 98 Nasau street.
N. B.—600 kinds of Comic Valentines, new designs. jan28--3t

DR. PAPE'S SILVER PILLS.

TREATMENT OF DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.—Dr. Pape, having devoted himself in his practice to the treatment of diseases of women and children, will continue to be found daily at his office, 412 Broadway, for consultation, from 10 A. M. to 8 P. M. Dr. P. is the inventor and only preparer of that now well known female remedy, "The Ladies' Silver Pills," a most efficacious medicine in all cases of painful, insufficient, or irregular menstruation, even in barrenness, when induced by weakness, or misconstruction, or any similar cause. By proper use of these Pills, as described in the directions which accompany each box, ladies whose health and strength are not such as to permit an increase of family without great suffering and risk to life, may use them as a preventive of pregnancy, and one which they may be assured is entirely without danger. These pills are sold at one dollar per box, and will be sent by mail to any part of the city or country upon the receipt of orders, prepaid. All orders must be addressed to Dr. E. Pape, 412 Broadway, N. Y.

SPORT! SPORT!!

RAT KILLING, BADGER AND COON Drawing, Bear and Wolf Baiting, &c., will take place every Monday Evening, at 8 o'clock, precisely; when plenty of fun will be seen. Rats always on hand. Gentlemen having Sluts they wish to breed from, will find some of the handsomest and best Bull Terrier Dogs in the country, at the SPORTSMAN'S HOUSE, 590 8th Avenue

NOTICE.

Cummings' Guard Ball.

THE ANNUAL BALL OF THE CUMmings' Guard will take place on Wednesday evening next, February 1st, at the Chinese Assembly Rooms, Broadway. Every arrangement has been made to render the Ball well worthy the patronage of all lovers of dancing. Don't forget Wednesday evening, Feb. 1st, at the Chinese Assembly Rooms.

SPORTERS, ATTENTION!

200 RATS WILL BE WORRIED AT Sportsman's Hall, 49 Madison street, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 1st, 1854; there will likewise be Coon Baiting and Badger Baiting.—Gents wishing to try their Dogs, can have Rats gratis. Sport to commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.

AGENCY OFFICE.

522 BROADWAY, (opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.)—Persons requiring competent and faithful clerks, salesmen, porters, school teachers, drug clerks, coachmen, barkeepers, waiters, boys for hotels, stores and trades, will please call and leave orders; and applicants for any of the above situations will find it to their interest to register their names. Girls requiring places as housekeepers, seamstresses, cooks, nurses, chambermaids, and for general house work, can be certain of getting first class employments. THOMAS SPINK, Agent.

City Amusements.

Anatomical Museum.

No. 300 Broadway.

A variety of curiosities, and wax representations of the different parts of the human form.

Open day and Evening.

Admittance 25 cents.

Buckley's Minstrels,

Chinese Hall, 539 Broadway.

Buckley.....Proprietor
R. Bishop Buckley.....Musical Director
Admission.....25 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.
Burlesque Operas.

OUR WHOLESALE AGENTS

ROSS & JONES, 21 Ann Street.
PRICE & WINANS, 35 Ann Street.
MIKE MADDEN, 47 Ann Street.
ABBE & YATES, 20 Ann Street.

Notice.

☞ Persons wishing to subscribe to the Clipper, will please send direct to our office, No. 150 Fulton street.

☞ OUR PHILADELPHIA AGENT, Mr. W Winch, 116 Chesnut street, will supply newspaper dealers in Philadelphia with the Clipper at our regular wholesale rates.

Unparalleled Bargains!

EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTIONS!!

At the Celebrated Largest and Cheapest

CARPET ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE UNITED STATES,

AT

HIRAM ANDERSON'S

No. 99 BOWERY,

NEW YORK.

Importer of English and French Carpets.

Buyers will find the largest Stock of Low price and medium to the most elaborate Aubusson, Mosaic, Medallion, and Velvet Carpets ever offered in the world.

TEN SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS.

Above ground, no damp Basements or Vaults under the sidewalk, to endanger the health of lady purchasers; each Sales Room is devoted exclusively to one description of carpets. The wholesale and retail departments of this establishment have been enlarged and an addition of two extensive Sales Rooms, making a wonderful and gorgeous display.

Sales Room No. 1.

Floor Oil Cloths. An enormous stock of John Hare and Son's celebrated English oil cloths; also American floor oil cloths of magnificent Satin finish, Fresco, marble, Italian, and scroll paintings, from 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., to 9s. per yard, from 3 feet to 24 feet wide, and 90 long.

Sales Room No 2.

Ingrain Carpets. Two hundred and fifty pieces of English and American Ingrain Carpetings, all new style, manufactured expressly for this establishment.

Sales Room No. 3.

Three Ply Carpets. English, Scotch, and American Imperial Three Ply Carpeting, of our own importation, gorgeous, splendid new style of pattern

Sales Room No 4.

Low Price Ingrain Carpets. Three hundred pieces of medium quality Ingrain carpets, beautiful, large, and small patterns, manufactured for the City trade, incredible low prices of 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., and 5s. per yard.

Sales Room No. 5.

Rugs and Druggets. English druggets 4 yards wide. 3000 yards of low priced druggets, 1 to 3 yards wide at 2s 6d to 6s per yard, also an immense assortment of mosaic landscape, Axminster, and tufted hearth Rug; also 2000 tufted Rugs at 16s to 24s each.

Sales Room No. 6.

Stair and Hall Carpets. 50,000 yards of striped and figured Hall and Stair Carpets, at 2s, 2s. 6d., 3, 3. 6d., 4s., 5s., 6s., and 7s.

Sales Room No. 7.

Medallion Carpets, with borders; Mosaic and Axminster of one entire piece, can be fitted to any sized room, from $350 to $1000.

Royal Velvet, Tapestry, and Brussels, from the celebrated factories of John Crossly & Sons, and Messrs. Henderson & Co., and others, England, all of our own importation, some of which are exclusively our own style, and cannot be found at any other establishment.

Sales Room No. 8.

Aubusson Carpets. They elicit the warmest commendations of every beholder, excel in beauty and durability, are sold at moderate prices, and introduced into the market at this establishment.

Sales Room No. 9.

Velvet, Tapestry, Brussels three ply and twilled Venitian Stair Carpeting, remarkably cheap.

Sales Room No. 10.

Patent Tapestry Ingrain Carpetings. Gold, plain, white, buff, and scroll window shades, at 6s., 12s., 20s., 40s., to $10 per pair. Table and piano covers, silver and brass stair rods, Parlor door mats, Coir matting, also 4s. 5d., 5s. 6d., White and Check Canton Matting, &c., &c.

HIRAM ANDERSON,
Jan. 21. 99 Bowery

Christy's American Opera House.

No. 472 Broadway, above Grand street.

OPEN EVERY NIGHT.

The well known original, far famed and only CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,

Organized in 1842.

The first and oldest established company in xistence.

THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.

The first to Harmonize Negro Melodies, and originators of the present popular style of Ethiopian Entertainments, and whose success in this city, for a continued succession of several years past, is without precedent in the annals of public amusement in New York.

THE COMPANY,

Comprising a versatile and talented "corps" of experienced performers, under the direction and personal supervision of EDWIN P. CHRISTY, Sole Proprietor and Manager, the only individual of the name of Christy, engaged as a performer in representations of Ethiopian Minstrelsy.

Admission—25 cents. Doors open at 6½ o'lock; commence at 7½ o'clock.

National Theatre.

Every Evening, until further notice, will be performed—

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,

IN SIX ACTS.

Uncle Tom. - - - - Mr. J. Lingard.
St. Claire, - - - - - Siple.
Gumpton Cute, - - - - H. Stone.
Eva, - - - Little Cordelia Howard.

NOTICE TO CITIZENS AND STRANGERS.

The great and original drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, by G. L. Aiken, Esq., which has been performed with such immense success at th National Theatre every night since the 18th of July, and in which the youthful wonder, Little Cordelia Howard, appears as the gentle Eva, WILL BE CONTINUED

EVERY EVENING DURING THE YEAR

and every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Admission 25 cents to dress circle. Remember the National Theatre is situated in Chatham street, near Roosevelt, and this is the only place in which the correct version from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's work can be witnessed in New York.

☞ Dress Circle and Boxes, 25 cts; Orchestra Arm Chairs, 50 cts; Exclusive Private Boxes, $5; One Person to Private Box, $1. Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½ o'clock.

M. BALLY'S ANTIDOTE AND GONORRHŒA LOTION,

THE GREAT ORIGINAL FRENCH PREPARATIONS FOR THE SAFE, SPEEDY, AND EFFECTUAL CURE of Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures, Whites, pains in the back and loins, Seminal weakness, and all other DISEASES OF THE URINARY ORGANS, without the least restriction to drinks, diet,

The English Ring.

From Bell's Life, Dec. 25.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Feb. 14.—Poulson and Paddock, £100 a-side, London.

Feb. 14.—Malpas and Brittle, £50 a-side, Dudley.

Feb. 28.—Tom Sayers and Sims—£50 to £25, London.

April 19.—Paddy Gill and M' Nulty—£100 a side, London.

BROOM'S REPLY to PHELPS OF BRIGHTON.—Mr Editor: The large patronage bestowed upon me by my country cousins, during the Cattle Show week, deprived me of the opportunity of answering a legal report, which appeared in your journal, connected with the ever-convenient Brighton. I should have thought that the unhappy fate which followed all the conspirators against the name of Broome would have deterred any man, no matter how daring or how dull, from attempting a similar game. But Mr. Phelps, whether inspired by the congenial spot where he resides, or actuated by any other feeling, draws me into n explanation, which I now give. It so occurred that whilst my late opponent and friend, Harry Orme, and myself were going circuit in the sporting world, we stopped at this person's house. As the judge and arbitrator of our profession, it is for you to consider whether the appearance of two men under such circumstances increased or diminished his (Phelps's) business. I scorn to enter into this portion of the transaction, and shall only say that Orme and myself left his house without owing him a single shilling. That this statement is correct, the fact that we were not supplied with our bill on leaving sufficiently shows. Two months elapsed from the time that my friend Orme and myself left this person's house, until he met me at the Brighton Railway Station, and asked, as a compliment, and not as a debt, for my I O U for £10. I gave it him, as it was asked, as a compliment; and if, in the confusion of the moment. I made an error, out in order to counteract a fraud, when this person converted an act of friendship into a legal debt. Mr. Editor, the best test of all professional men is the opinion entertained of them by their brother professionals. Ask Caunt, Langham, or Jerry Noon their opinion of Mr. Phelps. I am sure he feels proud in linking his name with mine; but, like many a feeble and venomous reptile, he will find that he bites against a file. This person is pleased to announce that no more men are to be trained at his house, unless they pay him weekly. If, by this announcement he attempts to lead the public into the belief that I ever trained at his house, I can only say that such a statement, from its falsehood, is quite worthy of him. I think that, if he knew the public opinion as well as I do, he might have saved himself all declarations upon this head. He may be quite certain that until he becomes "Faithful," he will have no more of them, for they will go by the old adage, "Once bitten, twice shy." I am sorry, Mr. Editor, I have taken up so much of your space, and my own now valuable time in replying to this last Brighton trick. Nothing shall ever induce me to take any further notice of this person; whatever he may write, say, or do effects me nothing. In conclusion, I claim for myself one satisfaction, that, although I have unjustly to pay £25, still, through the same leading journal which reported this calumny against me, I am now able to be justified in the eyes of the British public—Yours, &c. Harry Broome, Crown, Cranbourne passage, Leicester-square.

SAYERS AND A NOVICE.—A match was made at Mr. Coker's, Weavers' Arms, Edward street, Kingsland road, on Tuesday last, between Tom Sayers and a novice to be produced by Mr. Coker, who has not won more than £5; to fight at 10st 7lb, on the 28th of February. Keene, on the part of Sayers, staking £50 to £25. The first deposit of £10 to £5 was staked, and the men are to meet at Alec Keene's, Three Tuns, Moor street, Soho, on the 29th inst. and draw up articles, and make a further deposit. The novice, we believe, is George Sims, who fought Parker.

PADDOCK AND POULSON.—A further deposit of £10 a side, for this match, was made at Alec Keene's, Three Tuns, Moor street, Soho, on Wednesday last. The next of £10 a side is to be posted at Ben Caunt's, Coach and Horses, St. Martin's lane, on Wednesday next.

Patsy Daley will fight Dan Collins if he will confine himself to 9st 12lb, and allow Patsy to be catch weight, for £25 a side; or he will fight any 10st 2lb man in the world who has not fought for more than £10. Money ready at Mr. Wallace's, Blue Anchor, Bunhill row, St. Luke's, on Thursday evening next. Collins has called on us, and stated that he will not confine himself to 9st 12lb, unless Daley will do the same. He will make a match at catch weight, or any even weight, and will leave a deposit with us next week.

GILLINGHAM AND A NOVICE.—This match is off, Gillingham having forfeited, not being able to come to the weight agreed on in the articles, 7st 10lb. The backers of the novice can have the money down by calling at our office on Tuesday next, before one o'clock.

Young Harrington is open to fight any novice in the world, at 7st 8lb or 7st 10lb, for £25 a side. Gillingham having disappointed him, he will fight any novice in the same ring as Jerry Noon and the Black, for £10 or £20. Money ready at J. Welsh's, George, East Harding street, Farringdon Market.

BILL BARRY AND HAWKS.—£1 a side has been staked for a match between these men, at 9st for £200 a side, to come off in two months. They meet at Croft's, Bull's Head, Windmill street, on Wednesday, to draw articles.

Hicks not hearing from Smith, he will fight any man in the world, at 8st 6lb, for £25 or £50. Money ready at Alec Keene's, Three Tuns, Moor street, Soho.

HUNTING IN CONNAUGHT.

Having heard that a sporting fox was to be shaken on the hills of Breole, and that a large field of the first sportsmen from Galway, Roscommon, and Meath, were expected to uphold the celebrity of their several counties, I need not say with what feelings of pleasure I started off this glorious morning, the noble Shannon rolling on, a river of gold, so bright was the sun as we passed over the magnificent bridge thrown across to the old kingdom of Connaught. Being a bit of a geologist, the drive was a most interesting one to me for some eight or ten miles, and, in my anxiety to examine and pick up specimens of the most perfect shells I have seen in the secondary limestone, I was well-nigh having my companions and myself late for the grand event; however, having been blown up by my friends, I let them rattle away, contenting myself that when I was thrown out---as I most certainly should be---I would have a little time to examine this interesting district. The hills of Breole are a district some ten or twelve miles square, of secondary limestone, undulating as if suddenly cooled in a volcanic hail. On arriving at the ground the scene certainly was as exhilarating and enlivening as the keenest sportsman could wish for---cars, gigs, carriages, youth, and beauty, such as Connaught may well be proud of---splendid hunters champing the bit; and Paddy---oh, happy Paddy!---happy and light-hearted, however the wind may blow---with his sunny look and joyous laugh, seeming the lightest-hearted, happiest being upon earth. I soon recognised the leading men of my last account, and the beautiful brown horse, which I have never ceased to covet, but which I find belongs to Mr. D'Arcy, of Castle Park, and not to Mr. Disney. Punctual to the moment the fox is away; fifteen minutes and on in a sling trot comes young Naghten, of Thomastown, with his beautiful pack. Now music opens, now Madish, "Forrester, my boy, hark, to him, and away;" and away they go right merrily, at such a pace, straight for Figg Hill. Unluckily for poor Reynard, after about five miles at this killing pace, he got entangled in some paddocks, and, evidently unaccustomed to five feet walls, the noble pack were upon him short, sharp, and decisive. Regular steeple chasing between some five or six of the scarlets, our favorite little brown horse (Jerry Driscoll) getting the honors. A few minutes to breathe, and into the gorse of Figg Hill. "Tally, tally!" and away for Thomastown Park, ten miles right on end. A few fields put me *hors de combat*, for I found every second fence was a stiff double stone "five feeter;" and finding a road leading for that neighborhood, I got along, and found that half a dozen men got into Thomastown with the hounds. Mr. Naghten, Mr. D'Arcy, Mr. Mahon, Mr. North, Mr. W. Seymour, and young Dan Kelly ran their fox to ground in the domain of Thomastown; and partook, with myself, of the hospitality of the excellent proprietor of the hounds, which, I can assure you, put me in much better spirits for riding my rather weary nag some eight or ten miles home to my quarters here. This is, in truth, the land of fox hunting; and if this does not weary you, and if I do not break my neck over those cruel walls, you will hear again (D. V.) from your old friend,

A MELTON MAN.

Athlone, Dec. 15, 1853.

☞ The Welsh have a saying, that if a woman were as quick with her feet as with her tongue, she would catch lightning enough to kindle the fire in the morning.

☞ Interesting—to have your new hat blown off, and see a *friend* stop it, by putting his foot on it.

The Sailor and his Dog.

We were bound to Canton. We had shipped, in New York, the usual number of men for a long voyage---men picked up from the boarding houses and along shore---of the ordinary class, who had waked up sober to find that their money was all gone, and they must plough the seas for more. Taking one month's pay in advance, they put their "traps" into the forecastle of the Ivanhoe, and made themselves acquainted with each other without delay.

One there was, however, who did not so readily amalgamate with the rest. Suspicious eyes were cast upon him from the first; for, among a certain class of people, he who cannot enter into the spirit of the conversation, is looked upon with jealous eyes. But there was nothing ominous in the personal appearance or the manner of Bolen, for that was the name by which he had been shipped. He answered civilly enough when he was spoken to, but his thoughts always seemed to be far away, or he dwelt with the past instead of the present. I know not. Suffice it that he seldom laughed at our jokes. Perhaps he heard them not. He brought a middle-sized dog on board the ship with him, and his dog was as unsocial as himself. It was a harmless dog; but he played with nobody but his master, or I might say his *friend*, for the two were always seen together, except when Bolen was aloft, and then the dog would nestle in the chains outside the bulwarks and wait till his human companion should descend, sometimes casting an eye aloft when Bolen staid longer than usual.

A part of Bolen's meals always went to the dog; and there were sometimes surly whispers that this could not be, if we chanced to be on short allowance. Sometimes a piece of meat would be cast to the dog by one of the other seamen; but the animal, though he quietly swallowed it, evinced no sense of obligation, save a slight look of gratitude into the face of the donor: he showed no peculiar satisfaction, but returned to Bolen and placed himself between his knees.

In the night-watch, the dog came regularly on deck, and then he and Bolen were universally alone together. Then, reclining on the deck, Bolen seemed to hold intercourse with his dog, as a man with man. Perhaps this dog was the only memento of a happy and loving household---perhaps the sight of him brought back the memory of children who had played with him, and a wife who in the husband's absence, had regarded the dog as her best defender. A black cook declared that he had heard Bolen address words to his dog while the other hands were either distant or slumbering on the watch. But Bolen never slept. He and his dog kept awake through the whole watch. On one or two occasions a petty officer had shown some disposition to annoy the animal. Then a peculiar flash, for a moment, illumined the eyes of Bolen, followed by an expression of grief so deep and overwhelming that every one sympathised with his feelings, but without knowing exactly their nature. For Bolen was a bold sailor, and when we scudded before a gale, shortly after leaving port, he was placed at the helm, and his steadiness was noticed by the captain and applauded by an old sea-dog named Inott, who went out with us as a cabin passenger.

The petty officer still maintained his enmity against the dog, which had been greatly increased by the fact that he was afraid to harm the dog in Bolen's presence, and it was not easy to catch the animal separate from him. At length we reached the equinoctial line, and then whispers were observed to pass between the aforesaid petty officer and the mate; afterwards the captain seemed to be inducted into the mystery, and the eyes of the latter glared rather wildly as he gazed forward at the forecastle. The dog seemed to perceive that something was going forward in which he was interested. He lowered his tail and slunk more closely to Bolen, and the latter appeared to feel that his dog was distressed and apprehensive, for he drew his hard hand softly over the yellow coat of the animal and looked about him for the cause of this change in the former meek confidence of the solitary favorite.

At length, one calm evening, when the Heavens were piled with fleecy clouds, and all hands were enjoying the coolness of the night air on deck, some one hinted to Bolen that the officers believed his dog was going mad. More than that the informer had heard, but he mentioned no more. Bolen's imagination supplied him with the rest. He sat bolt upright, and the sudden paleness of his countenance was plainly visible through the gloom of evening. All that night, Bolen did not close his eyes in sleep. The dog and he were not separated for a moment. Bolen sat against the windlass, and the dog lay at his side with his head resting on the thigh of his owner, and occasionally looking up in Bolen's face with a mournful air, as if for protection, and yet with a latent knowledge that Bolen's influence was not sufficient to ward off his coming fate.

Soon after breakfast on the next morning, the steward came forward and asked for Bolen's dog. Bolen was there, but his dog was not at his side. The steward went aft and reported progress, and soon afterward, the hasty, snappish tones of the aforementioned petty officer were heard—

"Hey there! forecastle: pass up that dog!"

No answer was returned, and finally the captain came and ordered Bolen on deck. Bolen slowly ascended the ladder, and as he disappeared on deck, a low wail was heard to proceed from the bunk occupied by the unfortunate man. The captain's quick ear caught the sound. He sent the steward into the forecastle, who found the dog covered up under the bed-clothes in Bolen's berth. The dog was immediately carried on deck. By the captain's orders, he was lugged aft; but as he went, he turned his eyes towards Bolen with an expression that seemed intended more to console the despairing man than to solicit his aid.

Bolen stood speechless on the forehatches, and with an immovable countenance watched the preparations to throw his dog into the sea.

A weight was attached to his neck, and the steward threw him carelessly over the vessel's side; but the cord slipped off his neck, and the animal was soon swimming in the wake of the ship. Bolen had, perhaps, unperceived by himself, gradually edged his way to the taffrail, and he now stood looking over the stern at his dog, who was nearly able to keep up with the vessel, as the breeze was light and we moved very slow through the water.

This sight rendered Bolen nearly frantic. With tail erect, the poor animal paddled on as fast as possible, encouraged by the sight of his only friend. The first thought of Bolen was to put the poor animal out of his misery, and he begged a musket, which the captain willingly handed to him.

For a moment the eyes of Bolen glanced towards the petty officer. A terrible look was on his countenance, but it was soon succeeded by that expression of deep sorrow, now more forlorn and despairing than ever.

He aimed at his dog—he fired! The unhappy animal was wounded—*not killed*. The dog evidently knew the hand that had inflicted this cruel blow. He gazed at the face of Bolen, and even at this distance, the wretched man read the expression *et tu Brute* in the mournful look which his dog gave him.

In a moment the dog sank beneath the billow, as if there was no longer a motive for exerting himself to preserve life.

With a wild howl of agony, the unhappy Bolen sprang upon the petty officer whose malice had caused all the misery, grasped him in his arms, and leaped with him into the sea. One frightful yell arose from the bosom of the officer, and the wave closed over the two men forever.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Smith and Jones' Twenty Miles Match.

The match between James Smith, of Ipswich, and James Jones, of London, to walk 20 miles for £25 a side, and a bet of £10 each, (Smith having a start of 2½ minutes,) came off on Wednesday, near the Green Dragon, South Mimms, on the Barnet road. It may be in the recollection of our readers, that these men walked a 14 mile match level, over the same ground, on the 14th of last month, which terminated in favor of Jones, but by not more than a very few yards. Smith's friend's, however, backed him again at the above extended distance, Smith to receive a start. To this, Jones having no objection, the present match was the consequence. We should have observed, that early in the present year they had a match at Garratt lane, Wandsworth, but this not terminating satisfactorily, each party received back his stake. From the moment of signing articles both men went into training, Smith at the Green Dragon Inn, near the scene of action, and Jones at Ealing, at the far-famed "hostelrie" ycleped "the Old Hat," now under the management of Mr. John Patten, and from whom Jones has assured us he experienced the kindest treatment. Both men were in splendid condition, and this, as may be anticipated, had the effect of causing their friends to be very sanguine as to the issue. The old man, as Smith is jocosely called, had many colors out, while Jones, instead of handkerchiefs, had hit upon the novel plan of having his likeness lithographed, and distributed them among his admirers, on the terms of "a guinea or nothing." The likeness in all respects is complete. The ground chosen was from the thirteenth to the fourteenth milestone; but in consequence of the road being covered with frozen mud and snow, which had begun partially to thaw, it was in a very heavy and slippery condition. By a quarter past one o'clock, the whole of the preliminaries had been arranged, therefore the pedestrians at once repaired to the scratch.

On Smith being told to "go," he rattled off at a slashing pace, and, in the allowed start of 2½ minutes, had cleared full 500 yards. Jones, at the expiration of that time, began the struggle at a pace and in a style that elicited the approbation of the spectators; and here it may not be out of place to mention that the pedestrians are, without question, two of the fairest "heel and toe" walkers in existence. During the performance of the first two miles, which was accomplished in 16min 15 sec, Jones gained but slightly on his man, nor had he much improved his position on the termination of the fourth "trip," which was completed in 34min. While performing the three succeeding miles, Jones, however, began to gain slightly on his opponent, for, towards the finish of the seventh mile, which was performed in 58min 30sec, he was only "two minutes" in the rear. His friends, all confidence, backed him freely, although it must be admitted that he had not made such progress as could be wished or had been anticipated. In the three following miles, having now gone half the match, which was completed by Smith in 1h 25min 30sec, Jones gained another 30sec, but this proved the greatest pitch of his achievement, for in the 11th and 12th miles, though he lost nothing, he did did not gain. Ere the fourteenth mile had been accomplished, Jones gave unmistakeable symptoms of being in "queer street," for he no longer paced along with his fine slashing stride, but, on the contrary, walked as if all energy had left him. During the next two miles Jones fell more and more in the rear, being, on the termination of the 16th mile, full 5min 20sec behind.—The odds of 4 and 5 to 1 were now offered by the friends of Smith, and found plenty of willing takers, for Jones, by making a great effort, had succeeded in recovering himself. A heavy fall of snow and sleet now took place, while the air all of a sudden became piercingly cold; but this did not appear to affect the "tough old man" in the least, while it had an injurious influence on the "young-un," and though Jones continued walking, it was now nothing more than carrying out the "forlorn hope," for he had not the remotest chance of success. consequently after completing the eighteenth mile, and being full seven minutes behind, he stopped, and put on his top coat, and thus may be said to have resigned all further participation in the match, although he still continued walking towards the "house." Smith, although his opponent had given in, kept rattling along with undiminished speed to the finish, and accomplished the entire distance "twenty seconds under three hours." Smith was waited on throughout by Charles Westhall, while Conway did the needful for Jones. The "old-un" can have the stakes by attending at our office on Tuesday, at one o'clock.

☞ A certain celebrated M. P., making enquiry concerning the origin of the word "Parliament," was gravely informed that it was derived from two French verbs, namely, "Parler," to speak,—"Mentir," to lie.

ET CETERA, ET CETERA.

A Novelette in Three Volumes.

[The following is a very good hit at a certain class of novels.]

VOLUME I.

CHAPTER I.

"High de diddledy, high de diddledy."
—*Old Song.*

The last rays, &c., had just glided, &c., &c., when a young man, whose appearance bespoke, &c., &c., was seen slowly descending the little hill which, &c., &c. He had scarcely reached the village church, when a young girl, &c., &c., &c., &c. "What!" cried the ardent youth, "give thee to another," &c., &c., &c. The fair girl fell, &c., &c., and that ardent embrace bespoke, &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER II.

"Crabbed age and youth."—*Ancient Ballad.*

In the corner of an old-fashioned room which looked, &c., &c., sat an old man, in whose features, &c., &c., &c. Presently a youth rushed into the apartment, when, &c., &c., &c. "Then you will not give her to me," he exclaimed, with an earnestness that bespoke, &c., &c., &c. "I would rather see her," &c., &c., &c., was the cold reply of the aged man, as he, &c., &c., &c. "Then farewell," exclaimed the youth, as he darted, &c., &c., &c., leaving that aged man to, &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

"I must and will."—*Black Eyed Susan.*

It was one of those moonlight, &c., &c., &c., when a dark looking man of about &c., &c., &c., drove up in a tandem at the foot of the ravine which, &c., &c., Laura, he knew, must pass that spot on her road from the cottage of Dame Goodman, where, &c., &c., &c. At length there came footsteps soft and lightsome as the, &c., &c. "She is mine," roared a loud voice as, &c., &c., &c., and a faint scream was all that, &c., &c., &c.

[END OF VOL. I.]

VOLUME II.

CHAPTER I.

"Gramercy."—*Coleridge.*

Ten months had elapsed since, &c., &c., &c., when the same young stranger who, &c., &c., &c., came down the same hill, &c., &c., &c. A middle-aged man, &c., &c. "Villain," he exclaimed, when &c., &c. A gurgle, a groan, a sigh, &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER II.

"Conscience, avaunt!"—*Richard III.*

Lying on a straw pallet in a prison cell, where &c., &c., we find the hero of our history. The gaoler was one of those rough, honest fellows, who, &c., &c., &c. The tough cheek of the veteran was literally bathed, &c., &c., &c. Presently a fragile female form, &c., &c., &c. Sorrow had done its, &c., &c., &c. The honest gaoler was compelled, &c., &c., &c., but it was not without a struggle that he, &c., &c., &c. The poor girl was carried fainting, &c., &c., &c. The gaoler went off in an, &c., &c., &c., and the unhappy prisoner lay stretched, &c., &c., &c.

[END OF VOL. II.]

VOLUME III.

CHAPTER I.

"Age before honesty."—*Old Proverb.*

In the chimney corner of an old &c., &c., &c., which, &c., sat an aged man, who now and then, &c., &c., &c. Presently a figure in a cloak, &c., &c., &c. Having thrown off his disguise, there was no mistaking the features of, &c., &c. "Away, away," cried the old man, "you have murdered, &c., &c., &c. "No, no," was the reply; "I come to save," &c., &c., &c. "Let us hasten to prison." And in a few minutes both were in the gaol where, &c., &c.

CHAPTER II.

"Honesty's the best policy."—*Obsolete Maxim*

They had scarcely, &c., when the fair girl, &c., &c. The man supposed to have been murdered, &c., &c., &c., joined the hands, &c., &c., while the aged father began singing, &c., &c., &c., and the good old gaoler danced in the back-ground in token of the, &c., &c., &c. The governor of the prison, a mild, gentlemanly man, of some, &c., &c., &c., putting a free pardon into our hero's hands, &c., &c., &c. "Bless you all," were the only words uttered by the venerable, &c., &c., &c. A commission in the Queen's service rewarded, &c., &c., &c., for all he had endured; and, &c. &c., being called abroad by the death of a rich uncle, who, &c., &c., &c., there was no impediment to the happiness of &c., &c., &c.

[THE END.]

The Game of Chess.

Game between Captain Kennedy and M. Jourmond.

White	Black
Jourmond.	Kennedy.
1. K P 2	K P 1
2. K B P 2	Q P 2
3. P x P	P x P
4. K Kt B 3	K B Q 3
5. Q B 2	K Kt B 3
6. K B Q 3	Castles
7. Castles	Q B P 2
8. Q B P 1	Q Kt B 3
9. Kt K 5	P x P
10. Kt x Kt	P x Kt
11. P x P	Q Q Kt 3
12. K to R	Q B K Kt 5
13. Q Q 2	K to R
14. K R P 1	Q B B
15. Q K B 2	Kt K 5
16. B x Kt	P x B
17. Q Kt B 3 [a]	Q B R 3
18. K R K	K B P 2
19. B K 3	Q R Kt
20. Q Kt P 1	Q to R 4
21. K R Q B [b]	K B Q R 6
22. Kt R 4	B x R
23. R x B	Q to Kt 4
24. Kt B 5	Q R B [c]
25. Q K Kt 3	K R B 3
26. Q R P 2	Q to Kt 3
27. Q P 1 [d]	P x P
28. K to R 2	R K Kt 3
29. Q to R 4	Q K B 3
30. Q to R 5	Q Q Kt 7
31. R K Kt	B K B 8 [e]

M. Jourmond resigns. He plays this game below in strength; having played in all eight games with Capt. Kennedy, winning four, drawing one, and losing three.

[a] M. Haarwitz suggests that K B P I were better.

[b] Rather Kt R 4, as this move loses the exchange.

[c] Better carry the Bishop home.

[d] Sheer blunder. Should fork Queen and Rook with Knight.

[e] Forces the game.

Sweeney in Horses.

I have a recipe for curing sweeney that I got hold of the other day, accidentally, just in time to cure a horse of mine that was taking very lame. And, by-the-bye, I got it for the sum of seventy-five cents. I look upon it as being ahead of anything of the kind that is going; two or three applications being sufficient for my horse, and he was apparently well in two days.

Take the proportion of one pint of spirits of turpentine, one ounce of Spanish flies, half a pound of lard, half a pound of rosin. Melt the lard and rosin together; when partly cool, put the other two ingredients in, and shake till thoroughly mixed.

I suppose that it is always well to bleed for the sweeney the first thing. To apply the mixture, shake it well, and rub it well with the hand, so as to get it in the hair thoroughly. Apply it freely to the part affected once in two days. In hot weather let the animal stand in the sun; in cold, heat it with a hot iron. It is perfectly safe and sure, and leaves no other mark than to take the hair off, which comes on again directly.—*Correspondence of the Prairie Farmer.*

Short Acquaintance.

"Did you know Dr. Weir?" asked an inquisitive gentleman in one of the Philadelphia cars, of a Northampton county Dutchman.

"Dr. Veer?" he replied, "well, den, yass, I know'd him a little. I seed him once't. We was on dat steamboat vat vash plowed up mit te p'iler bu'stin' by Pittsburg dere; and w'en I vash going on de shore by de plank, he and de shmoke pipe was comin' down. I never seed him before nor since!"

The New York Clipper

A WEEKLY SPORTING PAPER,

DEVOTED TO
THE RING, THE TURF,
YACHTING, PEDESTRIANISM,
CRICKET ROWING MATCHES,
THEATRICALS, MUSIC,
And the various sports of the
OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

THE CLIPPER is published every Thursday morning, and is for sale by the news dealers in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, &c., at the low price of 3 cents per copy.

Reports of Races, Prize Fights, and sporting items of all kinds will be gladly received from correspondents, and inserted gratuitously in the columns of the CLIPPER.

Full reports of every sporting affair of interest, in this or the old country, will be always found in the CLIPPER, and extensive arrangements will be made to procure such domestic information as cannot be found in any other journal.

The Amusement Department, embracing the Opera, Theatricals, Exhibitions, &c., &c., will be under the direction of a gentleman every way qualified for that duty. Our reports will be correct, and such as may be depended upon for truthfulness

In fact, no expense will be spared by the proprietor, to render the NEW YORK CLIPPER one of the most desirable papers published in this city.

Communications on business should be addressed to the proprietor, and those for the editorial department to the editor. Either of our Wholesale Agents will receive and deliver into our hands all communications addressed to us. Correspondence from other cities, towns, &c., will meet with proper attention.

Sporting Items are solicited from all quarters

TERMS OF THE CLIPPER.

Three Cents a single copy.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents a year.

Four Copies will be sent to one address one year for **Five Dollars**, or a larger number in the same proportion; in all cases in advance.

Address. HARRISON TRENT,
150 Fulton Street, N. Y.

DANCING AND WALTZING ACADEMY.

M. Kilfoil

RESPECTFULLY announces to his patrons and friends that his classes for the second quarter will commence on the 1st of January next, at the Warren Hotel, corner of Oliver and Henry street, on Wednesdays and Fridays; and at the Hudson Exchange, corner of 10th Avenue and 30th street, on Monday and Thursday of each week.

All the Fashionable Dances will be taught, and every endeavor made to advance the pupil in an accomplishment so essential to ease and elegance of manner.

Ladies and Children's Private classes will commence at 5 and terminate at 6 o'clock P. M. Gentlemen's Private Classes from 6 ur til 7. Ladies Classes from 7 to 8. Gentlemen's from 8 to 9.

A Quadrille practice for both Ladies and Gentlemen from 9 to 11, for the benefit of all pupils.

Just Published,

A new edition of the interesting and amusing game of

THE SOCIABLE SNAKE,

and for sale, wholesale and retail, at R. P. ELLIOT'S News Depot, 52 Division st.

FALSTAFF TAVERN,

BY IZZY LAZARUS.

No. 4 James Street,

Two doors from Chatham St., NEW YORK.

Private Lessons given in the Art of Self-Defence at any hour of the day.

To Sportmen, Californians and others

Alfred Woodham,

NO. 160 FULTON STREET,

one door West of Broadway,

Opposite "ST. PAUL'S" Church.

Importer and Dealer in Guns, Pistols and Cutlery, is constantly receiving from Manufacturers a full assortment of the above articles, as well as all articles in the Sporting line, viz. Dram Bottles, Shot Pouches, Percussion Caps, Gun Wadding, &c. &c. "Colt's" Patent Pistols, Fishing Tackle, &c.

Sole Agent for "Klein's Patent Primers and Cartridges for Patent Needle Gun.

"Porter's Patent Revolving and Repeating Rifles.

All of which are offered at very low prices. The public are invited to call and see for themselves.

SULLIVAN HOUSE, No 82 Chatham street. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, &c., always on hand.

JAMES SULLIVAN, Proprietor.

The Oldest Newspaper Agency in the United States.

PRICE & WINANS,

Late S. Hallock,

35 ANN STREET, NEW YORK,

WHOLESALE AGENTS, for all the Daily and Weekly Newspapers, Magazines, Periodicals, Cheap Books, &c., &c.

Arrangements have been made to supply customers with all the Papers as soon as published, and particular attention will be paid to the packing and forwarding of all orders entrusted to our care.

Persons who wish their Papers sent at the earliest possible moment, may rely upon the *Young Firm* for promptness and accuracy.

"LIVE AND LET LIVE"

OYSTER AND DINING SALOON

214 BROADWAY,

Opposite St. Paul's Church, New York.

JAMES A. WALNUT,
Wm. H. RADFORD.

ANDREWS'

CHEAP STEAM PRINTING OFFICE,

No. 150 FULTON STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

☞ Newspapers, Books, Pamphlets, Cards, Circulars, and job work generally, executed 15 per cent. cheaper than at any other establishment in the metropolis.

MEXICAN

Mustang Liniment.

This article has been thoroughly introduced, and is now universally used, throughout the entire Union, British Provinces, Canada, Bermudas, and West India Islands, and its power and influence is fast becoming felt, wherever civilization has obtained a foothold. Its mild and soothing influence upon diseased parts—effectually CURING in all cases—virtues so diametrically opposed to all other medicines of the kind used—has obtained for it its world-wide reputation.

RHEUMATISM.

of years standing has been totally eradicated from the system, giving the limbs all their pristine vigor and activity. Its power to conquer this dreadful affliction alone makes it invaluable; but there are many other diseases considered equally incurable, and almost as distressing, that are entirely dispelled under the magical influence of the

MUSTANG LINIMENT.

An experience of five years enables us to assert with confidence that it will cure

PILES,
ULCERS,
TUMORS, OF ALL
KINDS OLD RUNNING
SORES, SCROFULOUS DISEASES, STIFFNESS OF JOINTS
AND MUSCLES, FELONS, SWELLINGS,
AND INFLAMMATIONS.
NEURALGIA, TOOTH-ACHE.
EAR-ACHE, GOUT, CORNS,
SPAVIN, RING-BONE, FISTULA,
CHAFES, GALLS, SCRATCHES,
POLL EVIL, SWENEY,

and in fact any disease of

MAN OR BEAST,

hat can be touched with an EXTERNAL APPLICATION.

As a healing and soothing balm for Burns, Cuts and Bruises, which so frequently result from the accidents of every-day life, it has no equal.

A PRUDENT HOUSEWIFE

will always keep a bottle in the cupboard, ready for any emergency.

A CALCULATING FARMER

would as soon think of working his farm without orses, as to working his horses without the MUSTANG LINIMENT.

LIVERY STABLE KEEPERS,

Who are acknowledged to be the best judges of horse flesh in the world, and who are the most careful in preserving the beauty, health, and vigor of the noble animal have used the Mustang thoroughly, and pronounced it to be the best and only reliable remedy that can be applied.

It is put in three different size bottles and retailed as follows:—

Small size	25	cents per bottle.
Medium "	50	" "
Large "	$1 00	" "

The MEDIUM contains three times as much as the SMALL size, and the DOLLAR nearly three times as much as the Medium size; so there is a gain of fifty per cent. in buying the larger sizes

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

Every store should be supplied with this valuable LINIMENT, as it pays a good profit, and sells rapidly.

A. G. BRAGG & CO., Proprietors,
304 Broadway, New York, and cor. 3d and Market-sts., St. Louis, Mo.

Sold by all dealers in drugs and medicines throughout the United States, and teritories not yet annexed.

DAGUERREOTYPE HATS.

RAFFERTY & LEASK

are selling their beautiful Drab, Beaver, and Pearl Felt Hats at their usual low prices of $3 and $ 4; and in addition giving each Customer his likeness in his hat, free of charge. They are the only Hatters in the U. S. that can do this. RAFFERTY & LEASK, No. 57 Chatham, opposite Chambers, and on the corner of Chatham and Pearl Streets.

Ross & Jones,

NO. 21 ANN STREET,

GENERAL AGENTS FOR SUPPLYING the city and country with Daily and Weekly News-papers, Cheap Books and Magazines, take pleasure in giving notice that they have now completed their arrangements with the Publishers for filling the orders of their customers at least one day in advance of any other house in the city.

All the Morning papers are sent by the early train on the morning of their publication, and by this arrangment with the numerous Rail Road and Steamboat lines, we are enabled to pack cheap publications &c., in the same bundle, so that our patrons not only secure their orders in advance, but at the same time save the expense of freight on the extra packages of Books and Magazines.

Now all of you Country Dealers who are bothered almost to death by lateness and irregularity of your bundles, send on the cashiand give the WORKING FIRM a trial, and you will have no cause in future to complain. "Care and speed" is our motto.

BOWERY LITERARY EMPORIUM.—That old established stand, the "BOWERY NEWS HUT," (177 Bowery, near Delancey,) still continues to supply all the Sunday, Weekly and Daily papers, as soon as published; also, the Magazines and Cheap Publications, soon as out; together with a general assortment of Blank Books and Stationery. Harpers' will not be sold at cost, (in imitation of several "busy B's" about town,) but at the sufficiently low price of 18 3-4 cents. Plays of the Standard and Minor Dramas constantly on hand.

LOVERS OF GOOD SEGARS, BRANDIES Wines and other luxuries, are informed that they will be satisfied by calling at FRANCIS J. KRUGLER'S, No. 107 Nassau street. The best segars in the city; also, the best of Brandies, Wines, Cordials, &c., will be found there. The public are respectfully invited to give him a call, as no pains will be spared to gratify those who will favor him with a call. Remember the number, 107 Nassau street

E. B. ROGERS, Jr.,

150 Fulton street,

PACKER AND FORWARDER OF NEW York Papers, at the Office Prices. All the Morning Papers sent by the First Trains.

N. B.—English, French, German, and American Engravings, cheap. Orders received for Foreign Newspapers, Books, &c.

MEDICAL DISPENSARY,

Established in 1832, by Dr. George W. Bond, in Orchard street, New York,

For the Cure of Venereal Disease in all its forms.

If you are unfortunate, and want to be cured and left in sound health, come to me; I am saving hundreds monthly. My father's reputation and my wonderful success will satisfy any person there is no humbug about this. Those that doubt, let them come and see for themselves, and if I don't do all I say I can, I will make them a present of $25 to go where they think they can do better. I use nothing that is injurious to the system; but use medicines that will strengthen a person, and leave them in sound health in the shortest possible time.

My Vegetable Strengthening Bitters is a speedy and permanent cure for all weakness of the organs of generation, and for that terrible affliction, Nocturnal Seminal Emissions. It has not, in a single instance, failed to effect a radical cure where it has been tried. Office arranged so that persons never meet going in or out. I have private rooms for each person. Medicines carefully put up and sent to all parts of the United States, with advice and full directions.

GEORGE R. BOND, M.D.,
Successor to Dr. George W. Bond.

Office corner of Orchard and Grand sts., New York. Entrance No. 65 Orchard street.

Office hours from 10 till 12 A. M., and from 7 till 10 o'clock P. M.

☞ Price of Vegetable Strengthening Bitters $1 per bottle.

Music! Harmony! Sociability!

With the Wiggle Waggles!

FUN FOR THE MILLIONS! is to be found only at George Leese's, 179 West Broadway, every Tuesday, and Saturday evenings, when the well known eminent artists will be there, Mons. Henry, pianist, Mr. W. Harrington in the chair, the unrivalled English Ballad Singer.

REMEMBER THE WIGGLE WAGGLES, every Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock precisely.

President, COL. HIT-EM-HARD.
Vice Pres., LIEUT. DOUBLE-THUMB.
Sec'ty., HARY SCRATCH-EM-OVER.

R. R. R.

REMEDIES

To THE PUBLIC.

Radway & Co., the Inventors, Manufacturers and Proprietors of the justly celebrated R. R. R. Remedies, were first to discover a Remedy possessing the Marvelous and Miraculous Power of stopping the most Excruciating Pains in an instant, allaying the worst Cramps and Spasms of either internal or external in a few minutes, and soothing the most severe Paroxysms of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Tic Doloreux, as soon as applied. The R. R. R. Remedies consist of three Remedies, each possessing quick and wonderful powers over certain complaints and diseases, and will instantly—

RELIEVE	The Human System from Pain
REGULATE	Each Organ to a Healthy Action.
RESOLVE	Away all Diseased Deposits.
RENOVATE	The Body from all Corrupt Humors.
REBUILD	The Weak and Broken Down Constitutions.
RESTORE	To Health, Strength and Vigor all unsound and worn out parts.

R. R. R. No. 1.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

For all Acute Complaints,

INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL.

The moment it is applied externally or taken into the system, it will stop the most excruciating pain and quickly remove its cause.

RHEUMATISM.

Mr. Granger, a mason well known in Brooklyn, was a cripple for nine years. Radway's Ready Relief, Relieved him from pain in fifteen minutes, enabled him to walk two miles without the aid of stick or crutch in three days, and cured him entirely in one week.

Thousands of other cases equally as wonderful as the above, have been cured by R. R. Relief.

CHOLERA MOR